

GRAIL

■ THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED IN ALL THINGS ■

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In Russia Anatoli Barsov dreamed of freedom as Americans enjoy it. He dreamed of it because he did not possess it. He was a slave. He never had been allowed to choose between truth or falsehood, between one kind of job or another, between one political party or another; yet he dreamed of American freedom so much that he risked everything to come to the United States.

Strange as it may seem, Barsov was so bewildered by the challenge of American freedom, that he soon decided to return to the Soviet Union. Making a choice unmanned and frightened him more than the thought of Siberian slavery or death before a firing squad. In America Barsov became panicky when he had to hunt for a job. He felt lost because no uniformed policeman checked his papers, or his opinion, or his radio programs. One night he sat up in his bed and cried out to his roommate, "I am lost; do you hear? I am lost." Soon after this he gave himself up to the Russian embassy officials and asked them to send him home.

The pathetic case of Anatoli Barsov is a tragic instance of the decay of human personality under the Soviet system. The noblest faculty of man is his ability to make a free choice. It is a challenging privilege—and often a frightening one, but without its virtuous and intelligent use we are less than human.

—Father Walter, O.S.B.

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by Henry A. Szujewski, M.D.

Socialized Medicine



*The assembly line may speed up
the production of motor cars—
but assembly-line medicine
at the hands of a paternal state
is the first step toward socialism*

SOcial MEDICINE is an awareness among people that everyone needs medical assistance and care sometime in his life. *Socialized Medicine* is the surrender of the responsibility for filling that need of medical care to some governmental agency, which, by its creation, declares that the individual and individual groups are no longer competent to care for themselves and therefore need

some central agency to provide such a service for everyone.

From the earliest recordings of the story of mankind, there was ever prevalent among men an awareness for the need of medical care. Individuals long ago took advantage of this awareness, even as people do today, and styled themselves medical men, surgeons, magicians, therapists, vegetarians, dispensers, anything at all

Dr. Henry Szujewski operates a cancer laboratory at Holy Cross Hospital, Chicago, Ill. He is a student of Dr. Mohs of the University of Wisconsin, who developed the little known chemosurgical technique in treating malignancies.

just to be able to "sell" their cures to sick people. As time went on, individuals became outstanding medical teachers and authorities, who gradually imposed upon the "healing arts" a much needed integration and vast scientific background. Gradually, medical practitioners became better doctors of medicine. They banded together more often and formed schools, universities. They later formed societies, clubs, and held scientific meetings. Through all this evolution medical progress was enlarged, extended, and more fully defined.

A little over one hundred years ago the American Medical Association was formed to give Americans better medical care, more medical care, and to guide America toward better health always, all ways. Today, American medicine is the finest in the world. It has the best medical schools and the best medical teachers. It has made great contributions in medical research and discoveries. Our hospitals are the best in the world

and there are more of them here than in any other part of the world. Today, medical men, along with allied scientists, are striving to find new remedies and cures, to define and re-define new and old discoveries, to make new discoveries everyday. The family doctor, the specialist, the laboratory technician, the hospital staff are working hand in hand and rendering more services to more people than ever before. Mortality rates are lower and the life span of everyone has been more than doubled in the last 100 years. Such a record is an enviable one. Such a record was made by our free doctors.

BUT Mr. Harry S. Truman, President of the United States, and Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, instead of praising the doctor and patting him on the back and saying "You are doing a fine job, keep it up," are saying that the doctors are doing a horrible job, killing so many people, doing nothing to check disease, making no new discoveries, increasing mortality rates every year, and perpetrating so many other unsocial things that we had better create a governmental agency and let the politicians in Washington tell the doctor how to practice medicine,

make new discoveries and prevent disease.

The name for such a government scheme is Compulsory Health Insurance. Everyone who is earning \$4,800 will be taxed 3% by payroll deduction, depending on how much such a program will cost. Then all one needs to do is become ill and see a doctor. There will be no medical bills to pay. It sounds very nice, doesn't it? Looks wonderful as you read it. But actually it is more complicated than it looks, sounds, or reads. When you pay your doctor \$3 per visit, don't for a minute think that it goes into his pocket for himself alone. A part of it pays his office rent; a part of it pays for the furniture and equipment in his office; a part of it pays the salaries for his help—the nurse, receptionist, cleaning woman; a part of it buys medicine, surgical tools, etc.; a part of it supports his family, his home, his car, his clothes.

And when you pay your hospital bill what happens to that money? It goes a long way. A part of it pays for the building and its maintenance; a part of it pays the administrative force which runs the hospital for you; a part of it buys and maintains equipment, surgical dressings, special apparatus; a part of it pays the laboratory technicians

and blood-bank personnel; a part of it pays the nurses; a part of it goes to many people for many necessary things, to serve you while in the hospital. No matter how large your hospital or doctor bill may appear to you, it is small for what you actually receive. Multiply this several million times a year and you will see the cost of medical care is substantial. Yet, examine the amount of money spent on medical care in 1948. It was actually less than the amount of money spent on liquor and cigarettes or tobacco alone. Under governmental control, money would be spent so freely that the cost of government medicine would be tremendously higher. Certainly the enormous administrative machinery would add much to the cost. And who would pay the bill? Why, the government. Please don't forget however, that you are the government. So you pay the bill through taxes. The bill itself (S. 1679) recognizes that 3% is not enough. It provides for an additional large sum to come from general taxes. And that will be raised higher.

But won't people who are so destitute that they cannot afford medical care benefit by such a program? No, and that is one of the most vicious of the misrepresentations by which the proponents hope to put this scheme over

HOW TO SEE A DOCTOR (Under Socialized Medicine)



**"Social medicine is the keystone
to the arch of the socialist state."**

Lenin

on the American public. The indigent, along with the tuberculous and the insane, are specifically excluded from the bill.

In theory, socialized medicine is Utopian. In practice, it is a cumbersome method of rendering medical service to a patient. It is extremely expensive and the political implications are so great that, under this highly complicated bureaucracy, it would be impossible for the average doctor to render high quality medical care. Medical services and care would degenerate in quality very rapidly and everyone would suffer accordingly. In the end, assembly-line medicine would become such a great burden on the doctor, that his efficiency and personal interest in the case would wane. Mistakes and oversights would occur.

In order to obtain that personal touch with the doctor, a black market in medical services would certainly arise. More government controls would result. Such an avenue for more and more government controls would end in a socialistic state from which there is no escape once it takes hold. That is why the Communists are for socialized medicine. Lenin himself stated that socialization of medicine is the first step to socializing the whole country.

In order that you may protect yourself from the cost of a catas-

trophic illness, you may and ought to obtain hospital and health insurance from a non-governmental agency. For about fifteen to twenty cents a day you can obtain very good hospital and illness insurance. Not one of these private insurance companies will tell you which doctor to choose, or which hospital to go to; nor will it interfere in any way with your chosen doctor. And Blue Cross and Blue Shield insurance plans are equally free. Voluntary insurance for hospital and sickness has never really been tried. What is needed is a concerted effort by communities and civic organizations and insurance companies themselves to educate the people to the virtue of such plans. A fairly long evolution lies ahead if universal health insurance is to be achieved in this country. A voluntary system would stimulate such an evolution as much as possible but never in excess of the ability of the medical profession to grow in an orderly way. About sixty million people already have some health insurance. From this start it is no far cry to the coverage of everyone on a pay roll where the device can conveniently be used, with the employer sharing in the contribution in such plans, because the state welfare agencies could subscribe for them. Certainly it would be far cheaper this way, less cum-

bersome and would eliminate governmental bureaucracy entirely.

THE framers of the Constitution have strongly impressed on their followers that federal power should be kept to a minimum. The American Medical Association feels that this holds true in medical circles as well. The Federal government can give aid and direction and exert its influence, i.e., it can and should assist to expand medical services and voluntary insurance plans; but it should never force its influence on anyone without choice. True limitation of federal power comes only from the people working upward. The ultimate question is whether the American people have the initiative and intelligence to subscribe to voluntary health insurance plans. The present Administration does not think so; or else

they feel they have a good vote-getting scheme.

I believe Americans are individuals capable of making intelligent decisions regarding their own affairs. If they are not such capable individuals, then state compulsion is unavoidable. And America as we formed it and fostered it and made it grow, will fade into the shades of decadent empires. Hope of freedom lies in the intelligence of the millions of our individual citizens. If we embrace voluntary insurance, we will succeed once more in proving that we can take care of ourselves and solve our own problems without surrendering a portion of our rich freedom to government control.

I have every confidence that America can and will make the Voluntary Health Insurance Plans succeed, because that is the American Way.

▶ A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while, he knows something.

—Wilson Mizner

▶ "Let us never forget that ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." —Cardinal Newman.

*A St. Christopher medal is no rabbit's foot
to be carried about for good luck—
a newly blessed convertible can still be
a deathtrap for a careless driver.*

The



Sacramentals of the Traveler

OVER the wide world no people travel so much or as far as Americans. They are not gypsies, and they do love their homes, but the hum of motorcars, the toot of Diesel-powered trains and the roar of airliners is in their blood. They love to go places in a hurry. It may be only to the corner drug-store, to church, or to the local super-market; or it may be to Quebec, Yellowstone Park, or even the eternal city of Rome.

It is not surprising that a nation of travelers should love the tourists' favorite saint, Christopher, patron of pilgrims. Nor is

it surprising that they should carry on their persons, or attach to the dashboard of their cars, that most popular of the traveler's sacramentals—a St. Christopher medal. How true is the fact pointed out by Courtenay Savage in his life of St. Christopher, *Wayfarer's Friend*: "There are countless men and women today whose sole contact with the spiritual world is a small medal cast in honor of the Christ-bearer."

If Saint Christopher were to receive fan mail in heaven his

by Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Hooper rating would probably be higher than any of the Saints, not because he is the greatest in the kingdom of God, but because he is the most popular; his story has fired the imagination of millions ever since his martyrdom under the cruel emperor Decius seventeen centuries ago.

But his admirers know little about their champion. Fact and legend have become hopelessly entangled in St. Christopher's life; it must never be forgotten, however, that he was a real man. About that, history has no doubt. The Church accepts the evidence that he lived and died. It is generally accepted that he was born in Canaan early in the third century and that he was the son of a small tribal king; that he bore the name Christopher and died a martyr to the Christian faith in Lycia. In the Roman martyrology or book of martyrs St. Christopher has an honored place, his feast being July 25. In the Greek and Oriental churches he is feted on May 9.

It is true that the adventure of St. Christopher as the ferryman carrying the Christ Child across

the river, is better loved and remembered than the real events of his life, but the Church has accepted the incident as an allegory conveying a useful truth to Christians. The tempestuous crossing of the stream, and Christopher's staggering under the crushing weight of a small Child, historians suggest, is intended to denote the trials and sufferings of any soul who accepts the yoke of Christ. Our saint's very name is forever linked with this episode, for the name Christopher means Christ-bearer.

Historians can furnish no accurate dates about St. Christopher's life and death; antiquarians have unearthed no quotations of his doctrine; there is only the fact that he lived. That and the *Golden Legend*. Yet, the cult of St. Christopher has grown with each century until today countless millions are asking the friend of tourists and travelers to help them safely on their way through a bewildering age that needs his spiritual and physical stamina.

St. Christopher is the patron of all travelers—of the humble pedestrian who artfully dodges death at street crossings, of the hiker who travels across hill and dale, of the passenger in the swank cabin of an ocean liner, or the pilot who steers his jet-pro-

People who live to see ninety
seldom see it on the speedometer

pelled plane into the stratosphere; but perhaps he is more used to the humble automobile—for almost every American either owns one or rides in one.

There is no magic in a St. Christopher medal. It is not a rabbit's foot or fetish to be carried about for good luck. It will not help the reckless driver to beat a train to the crossing, or to pass a truck on a hill. It is true that many persons half-superstitiously regard the medal as a charm which frees them from responsibility behind the wheel of a car.

An excellent warning regarding the responsibility of St. Christopher was included in a note which a priest sent to the chauffeur of a Hollywood star. He wrote, "Here is the medal you requested. It is blessed, but you must remember that when you're going forty miles an hour, St. Christopher rides comfortably beside you. When the speedometer passes fifty he begins to get worried, but when you press the accelerator to the floor and the car is doing over seventy, he jumps out of the car and you're on your own."

One who expects the habitual protection of St. Christopher on the highways and airways should do more than fasten a medal on

the dashboard or instrument panel; next to the use of caution and self restraint, the traveler should practice some daily devotion to St. Christopher and hold him in deepest reverence. He is good to his friends.

Besides the St. Christopher medal, there are other sacramental blessings for the traveler. There is the rather well-known blessing of automobiles from the Roman Ritual. This adaptable rite may be used for anything on wheels, from a one-horse shay to an Oldsmobile Rocket, so long as it is a vehicle.

In fact, the prayer itself alludes to one of the oldest means of transportation for people of means—an ox-drawn chariot of an Ethiopian courtier. In this prayer there is an allusion to the charming episode related in the *Acts of the Apostles*, (8, 26-40), in which the apostle Philip hitches a ride from the Ethiopian eunuch, who was a courtier of Queen Candace, and gives his first instruction before baptism.

Standing beside the car, the priest garbed with the white stole, and provided with holy water, says the following prayer:

"Graciously hearken to our prayers, O Lord God, and with Thy right hand bless this vehicle. Appoint as its custodians Thy

holy angels, ever to guard and keep from all danger them that ride herein. And as by Thy Levite, Philip, Thou didst bestow faith and grace upon the Ethiopian, seated in his chariot and reading Holy Writ, so likewise show the way of salvation to Thy servants, that strengthened by Thy grace and constantly intent upon good works, they may attain, after the trials and experiences of this life the happiness of heaven. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

The family car may be blessed at the same time the priest visits and blesses the home; in large parishes, however, some pastors have introduced the blessing of many automobiles at the same time on the Saturday or Sunday closest to July 25, St. Christopher's feast day. After an instruction on the subject during the Sunday Mass, the parish priest proceeds to the parking lot and blesses all of the cars with one prayer, sprinkling as many machines as he can with the holy water.

The automobile, which is so often a lethal instrument in the hands of a careless driver or an occasion of sin for unscrupulous people, becomes by the priestly blessing a streamlined sacramental—a grace-conveying instrument of supernatural life for the devout Christian. A purely secu-

lar machine is transformed by the rite of the Church and the Sign of the Cross into something blessed and holy.

Holy Mother Church, always intent to touch and sanctify the secular things which form part of our environment on earth has included, in her Ritual, blessings for other means of transportation besides the automobile. There is the blessing of a railroad and train (including the roadbed and all the rolling stock), and the blessing of streetcars and subway trains. In fact, there is a solemn blessing of a railroad and its cars which is reserved to the bishop of the diocese or his delegate.

If we add to these the blessing for an airplane—anything from a tiny cub to a stratoliner—and include a blessing of tools used in scaling mountains, we begin to understand how modern our Holy Mother the Church is—and how interested even in our recreations.

Pope Pius XI, who as Father Achille Ratti, broke a few records as a famous mountain climber, must have used the following prayer before scaling the mountains of the Alps. As a matter of fact, the Ritual has this legend alongside the blessing of mountain-scaling tools: "Approved by Pope Pius XI on October 14, 1931."

"Bless, O Lord, we pray, these ropes, staves, mattocks, and these other tools, that all who use them in scaling the mountain heights and precipices, in ice and snow and tempest, may be preserved from all danger and catastrophe, safely reach the summits and return unscathed to their homes. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Not forgetting the men who go down to the sea in ships, the Church reaches into her inexhaustible treasury and brings forth the blessing of a ship. Mindful of God's care over Noe's ark in the flood, and Christ's protection of Peter when he walked on the sea, the devout sailor asks God to watch over the vessel and the crew and bring them safely home after a successful voyage.

It is a mark of special preference for fishermen on the part of Holy Mother Church that she approved on April 10, 1912, a solemn blessing of a fishing boat. This rather long and elaborate blessing consists of Psalm 8, a portion of the Gospel according to St. John (21, 1-14), which relates the miraculous draught of fishes, and three prayers. We quote only one of these prayers, the one which asks for a big haul of fish:

"O Lord, our Savior, we implore

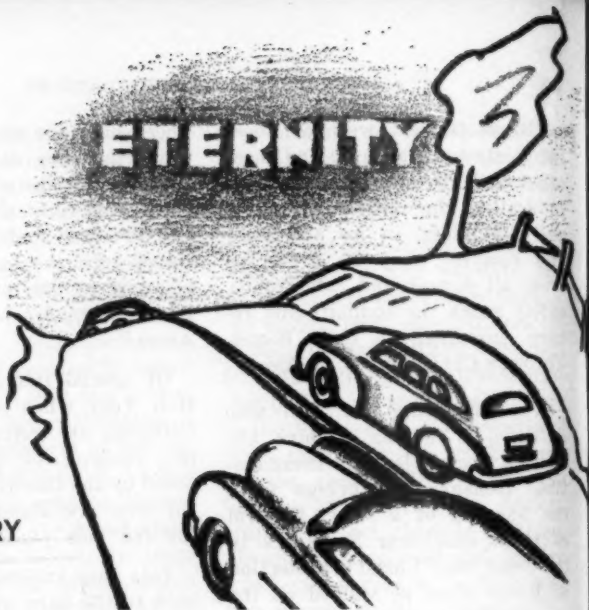
Thee—bless the labors of Thy servants, as Thou didst bless thine apostles with the words: 'Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find.' So that gladdened with the opulence of Thy blessing, we may praise Thee, our Redeemer, for all eternity. Amen."

Of special interest during the Holy Year, when so many devout Catholics are going to Rome, is the blessing of pilgrims—composed by the Church for the faithful who are about to start out for the holy places.

This very ancient blessing goes back to the days when a pilgrim-age to Rome or to the Holy Land took months or years. Pilgrims had to set in order their affairs, make their wills, and having prepared themselves with sacramental confession they would attend Mass—usually the Votive Mass for Pilgrims—and, having received Holy Communion, they presented themselves to their pastor to receive this blessing. If many pilgrims were to leave in a group the blessing was invoked upon all. In the prayer, God is asked to guide them safely to their goal as He directed the Magi of old by the light of a star, and to bring them all finally to the haven of eternal security.

ETERNITY

YOU CAN
GET THERE
IN A HURRY
IN A CAR



The rite used for the departure of pilgrims is exactly the same as the solemn blessing of a cleric about to start out on a journey. The latter, called the *Itinerarium*, probably was first introduced as a custom in monasteries. At St. Meinrad's Abbey this blessing is invoked over a member of the Community who is about to set out on a long journey. Long journey is interpreted by the Benedictine monks of St. Meinrad as a trip to Europe, or a long absence of one of the monks on account of studies, the care of souls, or illness.

In all her prayers the Church does not forget that man is a pil-

grim on earth, and that every trip, however secular in purpose or brief in duration, is a little allegory of the journey to eternal life. We are, on this earth, pilgrims, or "passers-through," and we humbly ask always (as we do in the votive Mass for travelers) that amidst all the changes and booby traps of this life, we may ever be sheltered by God's help. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen. Recommended reading: *The Roman Ritual*, Vol. III. Translated by Rev. Philip Weller. *Wayfarer's Friend* by Courtenay Savage. Both books published by Bruce Publishing Co., 20 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 3, Illinois.

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THE MEDAL

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Sister Catherine Labouré has had the Miraculous Medal made, at the instruction of the Blessed Virgin. Many blessings are bestowed upon those who wear the medal. At Enghien, where Sister Catherine is the convent cook, there is an old man, previously opposed to religion, whom Sister Catherine finally persuades to wear the medal. She suggests to Father Aladel, the convent chaplain, that he tell people to ask the Blessed Virgin for the grace to love God as she, Mary, did when she was their age.

Chapter 13

DURING the months that followed, Father Aladel's sermons were chiefly concerned with this suggestion of Sister Catherine's. Over and over again he described

how Our Lady had appeared at the Motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity, her fingers covered with rings that glistened like the sun, while other rings gave forth no light at all. Repeatedly he urged his listeners to ask the Blessed Virgin for important things when they prayed to her.

"Health, success in business, a comfortable home—these are all good in themselves," he admitted. "But what a pity to be content with them! Oh, my friends! Why not ask the Blessed Virgin for the grace to love God as she loved Him when she was our age? That prayer surely covers everything!"

So earnestly did he speak that soon devotion to the Miraculous Medal was becoming stronger than ever. By the end of 1834—two years after the first medals had appeared—one Paris factory reported that it alone had sold two million gold and silver medals.

and eighteen million brass ones. Twelve other factories had sold more than a million each, while in the city of Lyons four store-keepers had dispatched a total of thirty million medals to customers from all over the world.

Sister Catherine was delighted. Millions of people were now wearing Our Lady's medal! Thousands of cures and other blessings were being attributed to her intercession! How wonderful! Yet of all the accounts of favors received, one which occurred at Eng-hien brought Sister Catherine a special happiness. For without the slightest warning, old John announced one day that he wanted to go to confession!

"Sister, I just won't have any peace until I do," he confided. "Do you suppose I could see the chaplain right away?"

Sister Catherine stared in amazement. "You don't mean..."

"Yes, Sister. I do mean it. For weeks now I haven't been able to sleep at night. I keep seeing myself as God must see me—black with sin—and I'm afraid to close my eyes. I tell you, if it weren't for that little prayer that you made me promise to say—"

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee?"

"Yes. If it weren't for that, I'd be scared to death!"

Grateful tears glistened in Sister Catherine's eyes. How truly John spoke! The prayer on the front of the Miraculous Medal did have a wonderful power to comfort and encourage souls. A person had only to say it, slowly and devoutly, to experience its extraordinary effect. Thus, even this poor old man before her who had caused everyone so much trouble. ...

"John, you've made me very happy," she declared, scarcely able to conceal her excitement. "But maybe we'd better not talk any more just now. After all, you do want to see the chaplain, don't you?"

John nodded. "Yes. But there's something else, too, Sister."

"What?"

"If... if I do make a good confession..."

Sister Catherine stretched out her hand in reassurance. "Of course you'll make a good confession, John. There isn't the slightest doubt about it."

"I hope not, Sister. But once I have, there's something I'd like to do as a... a kind of thanksgiving. That is, if you think it would be all right."

Sister Catherine leaned forward earnestly. What a day of miracles this was!

"Yes, John? What is it?"

"I'd like to try to get the men here who haven't much interest in the medal to wear it around their necks. You know, there are still quite a few who think it's only for women and girls. But maybe they'd listen to me, remembering how I used to say the same thing...."

Suddenly Sister Catherine's happiness was full to overflowing. The Miraculous Medal! How truly it was named! How wonderfully the Blessed Virgin rewarded those who wore it in her honor! And yet, was it wise to show much astonishment at John's unexpected suggestion? Might it not make him feel a little awkward and self-conscious, and so spoil everything?

"John, I think your idea is a splendid one," she declared, in as matter-of-fact a voice as she could manage. "I'm quite sure Our Lady thinks so, too." Then, after a moment: "But what about the chaplain? Shall I go and get him for you?"

The old man hesitated, then nodded slowly and squared his shoulders. "Yes, Sister. Go and get him. And... and please pray for me!"

Chapter 14

BY the grace of God and with the help of the Blessed Virgin, John did make a good confession. Then, as he had promised, he did all that he could to promote devotion to the Miraculous Medal among the other old men at Eng-hien. And so well did he succeed that finally there was not one who was not wearing it about his neck.

Noting this, many people were convinced that it was Sister Catherine to whom Our Lady had appeared.

"Who else could it be?" they asked one another earnestly. "Surely only someone who has seen the Blessed Virgin could make such an obstinate old sinner as John wear her medal—and then get his friends to do the same!"

But as the weeks passed and Sister Catherine only laughed at such stories—calmly busying herself with her usual kitchen duties—there began to be doubts. Yes, Sister Catherine Labouré was holy. And kind and sympathetic. But after all, so were many of the other Sisters. And when it was presently announced that Sister Catherine was to leave her work in the kitchen for duties in the laundry and linen room, all seemed clear. If she had been the

one to whom Our Lady had appeared, she would surely have been given a far more important work to do than this.

"It's someone else who saw the Blessed Virgin," was the general opinion. "Probably Sister Claire."

"That's right. Or Sister Martha."

"Or Sister Pauline."

Of course Father Aladel took no part in any such discussion. Had he not faithfully promised Sister Catherine to respect her confidence? Then again, most of their talks about the apparitions had taken place at the time of confession, so that it was utterly impossible for him to discuss details with anyone. Yet his interest in Sister Catherine never wavered, and he looked forward to each of his trips from Paris to Enghien with eager expectation. Perhaps the Blessed Virgin had come to Sister Catherine again! Perhaps she had given her a special message for him!

IN the fall of the year 1836—some six years after the apparitions at the Motherhouse—Sister Catherine did have a heavenly message for her confessor.

"I didn't see the Blessed Virgin, Father, but I heard her voice while I was praying in the cha-

pel," she told him excitedly. "And she has another work for you to do."

The priest's heart beat fast. "What kind of work, Sister?"

"She wants you to found a society for young girls, Father—a spiritual society to be called 'The Children of Mary.'"

Gone were the days when Father Aladel would have questioned the source of such a command, although the thought did flash across his mind that there were already several societies for girls and women dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Therefore, what was the need for another?

"Sister, how do I go about founding the Children of Mary?" he asked eagerly.

Sister Catherine lost no time in explaining matters. The new group was to be made up of young girls being cared for in the schools and orphanages of the Daughters of Charity. And the requirements for membership were to be very simple. The girls were to wear Our Lady's medal day and night. They were to meet regularly to say the Rosary, the Litany of Loretto, the *Memorare*, and other prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin. There were to be processions and various devotions, especially in May.

"In other words, Father, you're to train these little ones to have a great and trusting love for the Blessed Virgin," explained Sister Catherine. "In that way, they'll grow up to think of her as their best friend."

Father Aladel humbly promised to do what he could, and on December 8 of that same year—1836—received the first members of the new society. And with a truly grateful heart, for by now he was beginning to realize just why the Blessed Virgin had asked that such a group be formed.

"In France, all the other societies existing in her honor are

made up of those with plenty of this world's goods," he reflected. "Very little has ever been done to bring the poor together in her name. But now—oh, how splendid that we have the Children of Mary!"

Sister Catherine agreed. "That's right, Father. When our little ones leave us to go to work in the shops and factories, they'll stand a much better chance of leading good lives—consecrated as they are to the Blessed Virgin, and trained to call upon her in all their trials and troubles."

(to be continued)

Do You Like Nice Surprises?

I am sure that you do. And so do children. Sometimes the children are a problem during the long summer vacation. So a surprise picnic or outing, an unexpected gift—adds to the enjoyment of the summer as well as breaks the monotony of the same thing day after day.

A gift that we are sure children will appreciate—upper grades and high school—is a book by Mary Fabyan Windeatt. **THE PARISH PRIEST OF ARS** is \$2.00. **LITTLE QUEEN** is \$2.00. **LITTLE SISTER** is \$1.50. Drop a post card to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana for a free list and description of the Windeatt books.

**A first-hand account
of Christian families
who are doing something
to counteract
our secularist environment**

Their

IF five years ago the fledglings of Christian Family Action* could have hired a barker to court the crowds by offering "ringside tickets for a miracle" they probably would have had little trouble recruiting new enthusiasts. As it was, the recruiting was far from easy. But those few who did join in the beginning with the faith to believe in a miracle, now have a ringside seat. To them it is nothing short of miraculous that with a nucleus of six or seven couples, their ranks doubled and trebled and the groups have spread from one small section of Chicago to embrace all parts of the city. In no way has the movement in Chicago reached its apex; it is still having growing pains, but already five hundred families belong.

* Note Christian Family Action and the Christian Family Movement are the same. The first is merely the name used by the groups in Chicago. In most parts of the country it is Christian Family Movement.

We the laity

The Christian Family Movement is the family's answer to the Pope's plea for a vigorous lay apostolate. Pius XI and Pius XII have been unrelenting in their insistence on achieving the co-operation of the laity in the work of the clergy. In the big city parishes the pastor knows most of his parishioners through casual glimpses of them at the door of the church or at the parish functions. He enters their lives briefly in the confessional and in his sermons, but most of their lives are spent in a world apart.

We, the laity, live with other families, Catholic and non-Catholic, and it is up to us to bring them the message of the Church. Subjected constantly to a barrage of secularism, living in a virtually pagan environment, most of us are more or less indifferent to our neighbor's welfare. So strong is the emphasis on the preponderance of evil in the world that many of us have developed a "super sales-resistance" to

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Christian Family Movement

by Jane Fisher Chapman

the idea of our responsibility to those who live around us, and have retreated to a corner where we hope to be free to work out our own salvation without the annoyance of being reminded that we must be our "brother's keeper." We have to come out from that corner and salvage what remains of good in the world. By expanding the good, we lessen the evil; by realizing that as members of the Mystical Body we are responsible one for the other, Catholic couples can work together to restore Christ as the head of their home and the homes of their neighbors and friends.

The best formula for this concerted action seems to be the apostolate of like by like; consequently if the family is to be reconverted to Christ, it must be reconverted by the families themselves. Canon Cardijn says to those in Catholic Action: "You are the leaven. The place of the leaven is not above the dough or beside it or around it, but *IN IT*, mixed with it until the whole mass is leavened and begins to rise under

the force of leaven." Logically, the most effective means of action is for small groups of couples, preferably in the same parish, to band together and attempt to solve the problems of their environment. The technique used at the meetings is based on three premises, namely Observe-Judge-Act. In order to help make Christian judgments and have a basis for Christian actions, there is a discussion of Scripture and the liturgy at each meeting.

Group work

The first step in forming a group is for two or three couples to get together and approach one of the parish priests. Because C.F.A. is so closely linked with the parish, it is imperative to have one of the priests from the parish as chaplain. One of the men is picked to be the leader of the group. This choice is based strictly on his ability to do the job and a willingness to accept the responsibility involved.

The meetings are held at frequent intervals, weekly or at the very least bi-weekly. Before each meeting the chaplain and the leader get together and prepare the meeting. Because this is a lay movement the chaplain does nothing at the meeting except give a little exhortation and perhaps answer some questions. His job is to guide and train the leader in a Christian way of thought. The leader in turn must train the group members. The purpose of Christian Family Action is to Christianize the environment, to make the climate in which we live Christian so that it will not be so nearly impossible to live a Christian family life, as it is now. The groups do not work on their own specific problems, but on the problems of the families in their parish, or neighborhood. Their own family becomes Christian through their efforts to help other families and to Christianize their surroundings.

There are only two requisites for membership in the group or "section" as it is called—first, a realization of some of the problems facing the family today, and secondly, enough generosity of spirit to be willing to give of oneself to try in some way to meet those problems. As each couple of the section realizes the problems more perfectly they will feel the need for help and will gather their friends together in a little group called an "action group" to help the section in its projects and actions, and thus the influence

of the section spreads through the neighborhood.

Each meeting opens with a prayer to the Holy Ghost and a short study of the gospel which we try to apply to our daily lives. A brief period following is devoted to the liturgy in which we seek to know Christ more intimately as He lives in the world today, i.e., in His Mystical Body, in the Mass and in the Sacraments. Brief reports follow recounting the members' opportunities to do service for others and to do the actions determined upon. The early Christians conquered by charity and it is through charity that we strive to gain the confidence of our neighbors and to lead them closer to Christ. Charity lights a flame in man's heart and the Holy Ghost makes it burn ever more radiant. We can win men for Christ by love. We must indeed, be shocking in our charity.

Following the reports comes the social inquiry, which is the most important part of the meeting. It serves to awaken in people the problems that threaten their environment. It creates a social consciousness and a responsibility towards others. It makes us realize the worldly pressures that exist and the necessity of establishing pressures for Christ. We are so much the products of our environments that not until we really examine a problem do we realize the powerful force that material standards exercise on our judgments.

Money and security are the gods most widely worshipped today and

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we pay homage to them in most of our decisions. Parents fear to have large families because they cannot afford to give them material advantages. Business men whose private lives are above reproach, practice appalling injustices at work, because they succumb to the necessarily pressing burden of keeping their job. Politicians aim to curry favor with their public so that they may keep their post, far more than they aim to administer reforms which are their duty, but which might cost them coveted votes. Secularism has invaded every field of our lives and strives to imprison religion and morality within the four walls of the Church so that once "church is out" it has nothing to say about what goes on in the home, the office building or the public forum.

Facing the challenge

We have to accept the challenge of "Miss Mammon" for nineteen-fifty and start fighting for the standards of Christ. In the inquiry we discover these standards. Having discovered them we should be roused to action and rid of apathy. The purpose of the C.F.A. is "To promote the Christian way of life in the family and in the families of the community, and in the institutions affecting the family, by serving, educating, and representing the family."

An example of just how the social inquiry functions might be illustrated by a specific subject, namely,

the problem of "Your Neighborhood." The questions for the Observer part of the inquiry should be simple and tactful, but they should be fact finding. They should not be vague and comprehensive such as: "Are families in the neighborhood friendly?" They should be definite and particular such as: "What examples of friendliness among neighborhood families have you seen this week?" Not an indefinite query such as, "Do people know each other?" but rather, "How many people does each couple know of those living around them."

It is not necessary to go far afield for problems, there are plenty right in our own neighborhood, but in order to help eliminate them it is paramount that we know our neighbors. A down to earth inquiry such as this made our group conscious of the fact that we did not really know all our neighbors—we just thought we did. The judgment proved that we could not know our neighbor's needs if we only know one another superficially and that we must be concerned about their needs because we cannot get along without the help of others. The action from this inquiry was quite evident. We made a list of the neighbors we knew and the ones we did not know. We made a definite effort to introduce ourselves to the people down the street that we had occasionally seen, but never had spoken to. This was only the beginning of the neighborhood inquiry. We discovered the problems of the people in our immediate sur-

roundings; we fostered a community spirit; we welcomed newcomers; and we created "block projects" where all the neighbors became better acquainted.

This illustration is elementary, and the solution was a natural and very human one, but had the situation never been considered, years might have passed before the barriers of aloofness would be replaced by the bonds of friendship. All actions flow from the judgment on how Christian a given situation is. This is the core of the meeting. Through action we hope to make a world where it will be as natural to have a Christian conscience as it is now unnatural.

Cana work

In various parts of the country some notable actions have resulted from various inquiries. The evident lack of spiritual union between married couples was a problem that was tackled by one of the first sections in Chicago. Several of the couples in the groups had attended a rather unique day of recollection for married couples. They appreciated the strong spiritual bond fostered by such a day and decided to try to make such days available to all couples in the diocese. In the beginning it was a dream, at present it is a reality attested to by the nine hundred couples who attended

the fifth anniversary of the Cana Conference last fall. On that occasion His Eminence, Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago addressed the assembly gathered at the Cathedral and told them "the sermon was being preached from the pews." Edified by the example of their rededication to the Sacrament of Matrimony, he lauded the work of Cana, as these one day retreats had been named, and thanked them for fulfilling a long felt need in the diocese. Today Cana, brought about by a few couples and their hard working chaplains in the so-called pioneer days of C.F.M., has a full time chaplain and is flourishing in the diocese.

In the same way the Pre-Cana Conference was started. The inquiry presented the problem of the lack of marriage preparation afforded to the average engaged couple. Many obstacles had to be overcome, but the Chancery gave permission to try such a day. Then the members made a tour of the parishes to obtain the names of couples to be married. Getting these names was not easy, as with any new adventure. Many were doubtful. But twenty-five couples came to the first Pre-Cana Day. To date seven thousand couples in Chicago have profited from this one inquiry. Pre-Cana grew so fast that the Cana director was given charge of this new work. The young couples gave it a most gratifying response and it has a permanent place in the diocesan program for marriage instruction.

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Firemen and children

Not many of the actions are on such a grand scale, but some lesser instances have also been impressive. C.F.A. members launched an investigation into the inadequate pay of firemen who were forced, because of their job, to live in an expensive housing area. Persistence brought pressure on the Town Council and the result was the inauguration of a bonus system that helped a great deal in supplementing the low income. Several groups realized that mothers and fathers would like a better understanding of their children. Various parishes sponsored series of talks on parent-child relationship. These in turn focused attention on the pre-school, the grammar school, and the teen-age child. Other sections noticing the need for more adult education helped couples to form study clubs, encouraged the growth of the parish library, etc.

Some actions are purely temporal and very basic, such as the forming of newcomers clubs to greet new parishioners, and the inauguration of pre-school "Sunday School" during one or more of the Sunday Masses so that parents of young children may attend Mass together. One section persuaded a midwest distributing agent to make the estimable French film "Monsieur Vincent" available to the general public, and then contacted in one way or other several thousand people to encourage them to attend its showing.

In one parish the C.F.A. set up a service for the sick of the parish. In another, a list of available nurses was published; that was a priceless aid to young mothers trying desperately to obtain "help" during the war years. In a University town a maternity fund was organized to help couples that are blessed with children.

Some actions roar like the Cana Conference, others make scarcely a sound, but all are calculated to further in some way the work of Christ in the world. Service is the undercurrent of the movement because people listen when shown by action that C.F.A. has a real concern with their problems.

Today in the world we are always crying for a spirit of unity. One of the most important results of the meeting is the feeling of unity which is developed among couples. Kneeling together at the start of a meeting to call down the blessings of the Holy Ghost on their feeble efforts, the couples feel a common oneness in purpose that immediately tends to draw them together in all their activities in and out of the home. In fact, the most important result of C.F.A. so far has been the change for the better wrought in the families of groups.

Like wildfire...

As the movement had grown in Chicago, so it has spread throughout the country. In some areas it is a

flicker, in others a flame, but gradually it is making an impact from coast to coast. Today it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and penetrates into the South. Units are operating in New York City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Paul, South Bend, Mishawaka, Milwaukee; Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin; Wilmington, Delaware; Encino, California; San Carlos, California; Woonsocket, Rhode Island; Galesburg, Illinois; Little Rock, Toledo, Indianapolis, Detroit, Nashville, Memphis, Davenport, St. Cloud, Minnesota and Hartford, Connecticut.

The fire has been kindled but tending it bids to be a long and arduous work. The leaders are constantly being exhorted to deepen their spirituality, to enrich their faith, for the movement is only as strong as its leaders. At a general C.F.M. Conference held last June, one of the speakers said, "if we are going to raise the temperature of spirituality in the United States above the tepid stage which generally prevails, we are going to have to develop some men and women who are so boiling

hot that they will raise the spiritual temperature of an awful lot of people around them." We cannot, as he said, raise the temperature of lukewarm water with more lukewarm water.

God in His wisdom seeks to work through human means. It will take many years perhaps, before we see even a hint of what we would like to see accomplished. However, C.F.A. members are ever hopeful, mindful of the story of the editor in southern Indiana who advertises the circulation of his paper plus that of the Saturday Evening Post at three and a half million! And so we dare to rate our efforts as those of the C.F.M. members plus those of the HOLY GHOST! Who is to predict? If young militant Catholic couples will only respond to His plea perhaps Christianity can turn the tide of this century. Be His tools, He will finish the job.

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Nobody Wins

Irvin S. Cobb, famous humorist, was once asked what nation in his opinion, won the first world war. He met the question with another worthy of Socrates himself. "Who, in your opinion," he asked, "won the San Francisco earthquake?"



It seemed to Joe
that God had more
important things to do
than save a fool hitch-hiker
from a soaking

Then I'll Take Rain

by Ben O'Connor

IT was a dark and stormy night. I was standing alone on the highway. Presently some headlights appeared in the distance. "Ah," I breathed, "Here's my chance." They turned down a side road. A feeling of frustration gripped me as I watched them bounding along out of sight.

Now what do I do! I had been standing at this same spot for two hours with no results. It was during the war years and gas rationing had made a nightmare out of this hitchhiking business. So I picked up my bag and began to walk wearily in the direction of Bardstown which was still some forty miles off. The only lights I could see in this bleak territory were from three lonely farmhouses set off in the hills in three different directions. But I had no thought of approaching any one of

them. Nothing looks so forbidding to a city-slicker as a distant farmhouse at night.

If I were a bum, I mused to myself, I could seek out the nearest barn, snuggle into the hay with the spiders and mice, and sleep as soundly as in my own bed. If I were drunk, I could sit down beside the road and pass into a happy stupor. But being Joe College, used to being comfortably in bed at a scheduled time each night...

I tried to pray. After all, what is a Catholic supposed to do when he gets into a tough position if not pray? But while I was trying to think of something appropriate, another voice kept shouting, "Hypocrite! Hypocrite! You know you wouldn't be praying if you weren't in a jam. This time you are in for it. You are going to spend the night

walking the highway in the driving rain, and nothing is going to get you out of this one." How true! It isn't so easy to pray sincerely in foul weather when you have never done it in fair. Especially when the difficulty is not a matter of grave danger but only of grave inconvenience. So I plodded on, growing more angry with myself at every step for being so foolish as to fall into a situation such as this. The rolling thunder came closer every minute.

Then, quite suddenly, I came upon another lonely soul stranded on this desolate highway. We were mutually startled by the encounter, but he quickly recovered himself and spoke a cheerful greeting.

"Howdy, young feller." I almost laughed out loud. I could hardly see him in the dark but from the hill-billy twang in his voice and the tone of his greeting I knew exactly what manner of man he was.

"Howdy," I answered, "Did you have a breakdown?" His dilapidated farm truck was parked beside the road.

"Yes, she just ups and quits on me ever so often. If I had the proper size bent nail I could fix the dern thing, but I've given up looking for one in the dark."

"Oof!" thought I, "My kingdom for a bent nail." I explained to him what I was doing walking the highway at that time of night.

"Well, now," he said, "I was fixing on spending the night here in my truck. I do that often when I have far to go. I'll just spread that hay

out in the back of the truck and sleep sound as a whistle. There's plenty of room up there in case you would like to join me. Then we can both hitch into Bardstown in the morning. That's where my son lives. He's married—got an awful pretty wife. Dern good cook, too, considering...." His proposal didn't sound so bad but I had one objection. His poor old truck was completely open to the sky, the cab as well as the back.

"That is all very fine," I said, "but what about the rain?"

"Well, sir, there's a problem. I spect if it starts coming down, there is nothing for us to do but put some newspaper over our heads and stand here and take it. I always bring some along for just such an emergency." His resourcefulness amazed me. However, newspaper was better than nothing and though a whole night of this old man's company might prove exasperating, it was better than spending the night alone.

"Thank you very much for your hospitality," I said, "but it sure seems like we are in for a soaking."

"Aw, my hospitality ain't anything," he said, "and as for the rain... well, I was just about finished saying my rosary as you came along—I say it most every night at this time—and I'll say these last few beads that we'll be spared the rain." With that he bowed his head and started whispering quietly while he fingered the rosary which I now noticed in his hands. His simplicity began to infuriate me.

For want of a rusty nail we could be on our way. Newspapers! A lot of good they would be in a storm. Instead of approaching one of the farmhouses for a little shelter or a nail, he stood there whispering his prayers in the dark.

At last he was finished. I decided to try his "faith without works."

"So you are praying for dry weather, eh?" I asked, "Do you mean to tell me that you actually believe your prayers can make a difference, that God will change the weather just because you ask Him?"

"Well, young feller, there's a problem. I never had quite thought of it that way. It does seem kinda silly to expect God to change the weather just for me, doesn't it." He took out his pipe and began to light it. By the glow of the bouncing match-light I got a good look at his kindly, old, weatherbeaten face. I suddenly felt thoroughly ashamed for having jeopardized his simple faith.

He looked up at the clouds moving rapidly overhead. "Now, mind, I'm not doubting that He *could* do it. As a matter of fact, I believe He has done it, many times, whenever some great cause called for it. Like I was reading once—and this is true history, mind you—where there was a battle that had to be won by the forces of Christendom, and God sent a storm to destroy the enemy battle-ships."

"You mean the battle of Lepanto." I had just studied that in history.

"I spect that was it. But you

know, it's not always the things that are high and mighty in men's eyes that He takes an interest in. Sometimes He changes the weather for the simplest little things, like the Corpus Christi procession in our country parish. He stopped the rain just in time for everything to dry up so we would have it—because His Name was going to be honored that day. That's what counts. That's what we always pray for—the honor and glory of God.

"You asked me if I thought God would change the weather just for me? It does sound kinda silly. Course, I don't really expect Him to. Just as sure as He'd change it for me He would be going directly contrariwise to what the farmers around here have been wanting for weeks. Besides, things would really be in a mess if the ordinary course of God's nature were changed to suit the whims of every old fool that got caught in the rain. God made the mountains and the rivers and the clouds and the stars and put me in the middle of all of them. He made the sun that shines on me and the rain that falls on me when I'm dumb enough to get caught. And I should ask him to change everything to suit me? That just goes to show you how dern fist-headed a body can get. It's not the rain I should be asking Him to change ... it's *me*!

"Dear God, I could stand here all night and all day, too, asking You to change Your plans and make the *world* stop spinning if I took a notion to. But You'd sure be a silly

Oné to do it. What I really want is for You to change me. Teach me to love it when it shines and love it when it rains—even though I've got to stand here and take it for the rest of the night. It'll do me good to live like a fool and a bum and a man in disgrace for one night, standing here with my head bowed while the rain pours down my neck.

"You didn't ask me what kind of world I would prefer when you gave me a soul and put me on this earth. You just said take it or leave it, and believe me, I was mighty dern glad to have it. Because it really don't amount to a nickels worth whether I was born in a shack or in a palace. I happened to have been born in a shack. The important thing is, help me to learn something as I stand here in this dripping rain. Help me to be a little more humble by the time I get back home tomorrow, so that some day, when You take me back again, I'll look back and say, boy, I sure am glad I was born in a shack—and that I got caught in the rain that night!"

A pair of headlights appeared in the distance. This time they did not turn off but came straight towards us, warming the air around us as they approached. The driver pulled up beside us when he saw us waving, pleadingly. The skies let loose a torrent as we rode off.



Pierre S



One minute
the timid French boy
was a hated alien

PIERRE dug his spade deep into the damp earth of the garden behind his father's house on the Concord road. If he worked very hard, he thought, perhaps he would forget how lonely he was this sunny Saturday morning. It had been a queer warm winter, this one of 1775, and now, early in April, the air was exciting with the smell of spring and the sun so bright that Pierre's spade flashed like silver. Next door, Farmer Cook was taking the winter coverings from his beehives and the bees were flying about all

re Son of Liberty

the next

he was a patriot

wounded by the

red coats

over the yard. Pierre shivered. He was horribly afraid of bees. Back in Quebec, where Pierre had lived till a year ago, old Father Boiroth had often taken Pierre out to the hives in the refectory garden, trying to show him that the bees would not touch him unless something had angered them. But it was no use. Pierre hated even to look at the hives.

Out on the road two of Pierre's schoolmates, Thad Jones and Farmer Cook's son Albert, went by on their way to the river, fishing poles over their shoulders. Pierre pretended to be very busy and not

to hear them as they hooted, "Hah, Frenchy!" and "There's old Frogs!" *Frenchy!* If they would only call him "Pierre!"

In Quebec everyone that he knew spoke French and he was not a stranger as he was here in Concord. Pierre was smaller than the other boys of thirteen, these boys of English blood, and he made funny mistakes when he spoke English. The boys laughed at him, especially Albert, and wouldn't let him play ball with them in the schoolyard. Pierre had come to Concord happy, ready to be an American with the rest, as his father had said he would be, to work hard on the little farm and in school, and to make friends with these strong boys who always seemed to know just what to do or say, no matter what came up. But they would not let him be friends.

No one cheered louder than Pierre, watching the militia drilling on the bare ground of Concord Green all last winter. No one booed louder when someone mentioned the British soldiers in Boston, who would give their red coats off their backs to find out where and how much powder and shot were cached away around the Concord farms. "I, Pierre Leduc, am American also, like you," he would say. "*Mon père*—my father—say we are American

now, the same as all. When I shall grow more great—large—I, me, shall be Son of Liberty!"

"Aw, go on back where you came from, Froglegs!" "We don't trust the Frenchies. Be just like him to tell the lobsterbacks where the guns and powder are." "Just let him try. 'We'd string him to the nearest tree!' Pierre was not very happy that spring in Concord.

Suddenly he heard a commotion, shouts, commands, down the road. He dropped his spade and ran to the gate. A squad of British redcoats, marching in formation toward Concord town! And before them, at the points of their muskets, they were pushing Albert and Thad! The boys were frightened and Albert was almost crying, although he was past fifteen and bigger than his father. "I don't know anything about it, honest I don't," Pierre heard him say, half sobbing. No wonder Albert was afraid, thought Pierre. No one ever mentioned it, but somehow everyone knew about the great store of guns that lay hidden under the feed bags in Farmer Cook's barn.

The redcoated officer caught sight of Pierre. "Here, boy, get in line! We'll find out what you know about the arms these farmers have hidden away around here."

"*Non, non!*" cried Pierre, speaking the despised French in his excitement. "*Jamais!*"

One of the soldiers rushed toward him and gave him a hard push on the shoulder with his clubbed musket. "Frenchy, eh? Get along here—and you too!" he added to Farmer Bennett, who came along the road just then with a wheelbarrow full of topsoil. "Leave the barrow. Get in line."

"Take them into that farmyard for questioning," ordered the British captain.

TEN minutes later, twenty men and boys were herded together in Farmer Cook's yard in front of the barn. Farmer Cook himself was there, white and stiff-lipped and looking disgustedly at the tears that had left a furrow down his big son's face. Drawn up in line, the little group was surveyed by the captain, his hard eyes boring into each face in turn. Pierre felt very small and helpless as the officer looked him over, and then called him out of the line.

"You, you French boy. You French owe these people nothing. Now answer my question. What farms around here have guns and powder and shot hidden away?"

Pierre could feel the fear and unfriendliness in the eyes turned on him by his neighbors. They don't trust me, he thought miser-

ably. They think I will tell the lobsterbacks about the guns. I, who would be a Son of Liberty if I could grow bigger! He shrugged his shoulders, feeling a bite of pain where the musket had jabbed him. "*Je ne comprends pas*—I—do—not—onderstan'—"

The captain turned away impatiently. "Get off to one side then." Pierre stumbled back against the orchard fence beside the British squad. "You here," said the captain, beckoning to Farmer Cook who stood there with the knowledge of the guns in his barn twenty feet away clouding his sharp eyes. "Now you give us the truth."

Farmer Cook stood silent, his mouth tight. A young soldier stepped forward, grinning, and called the captain's attention to the rope that dangled from a beam in the open barn door behind them. The captain's answering smile was as cold as a January wind along the Concord River. "Step up here, you," he said to Farmer Cook. "Put the rope around his neck, men. Now look you, answer my question or you'll hang for resisting an officer of His Majesty's forces. If you value your miserable life tell the truth and tell it fast. Are there arms or ammunition hidden on this farm?"

Pierre, huddled beside the orchard fence, saw the slack of the

rope tighten around Farmer Cook's thin neck. He could almost feel it himself, as if the harsh strands were around his own neck. In spite of the way Albert had tormented him, Pierre felt sorry for Farmer Cook; he looked so pinched and frightened, although he was a minuteman and drilled proudly on Concord Green.

Suddenly there was a rush of feet at the far side of the crowd of townsmen, across the yard from Pierre and the British soldiers. Albert had made a frantic dash for the shed door nearby. The squad of redcoats swung to the left and bullets spattered the wood as Albert banged the door after him. Quick as lightning, while the soldiers were looking the other way, Pierre slid under the fence beside him and pressed his body flat on the orchard grass. Instantly he heard a loud humming. A shiver of horror ran through him. The bees! He had forgotten the bees! They were all around him, in and out of the hive doors in the sunny spring air. This was worse than the redcoats. Pierre pressed his face into the grass. Perhaps if he lay perfectly still—"You do not need to be afraid, my son," he could hear Père Boirot saying, as he had said back there in the rectory garden in Quebec. "Unless the bees are angered—"

Over the fence he heard voices, a loud command. "One more minute and we'll string you up. I'm through with this fooling. Are you going to speak up?"

Turning his head just a little in the grass, Pierre could see the straight legs and red backs of the British, drawn up at attention just beyond the fence a few feet away from him. Suddenly an idea came to him. It was a horrifying idea and his heart said, "No, no, I can't!" But it would save Farmer Cook and the others for a little while, till help could come. Surely if the Sons of Liberty, those brave men who worked and planned in secret, could be ready to face British guns if the time came—then he Pierre Leduc, could face this. "I, too, am brave, like a Son of Liberty," he muttered to himself. Noiselessly he crawled to the nearest hive. He bit his lips and held his breath, knowing what was going to happen. Then he leaped up, seized the hive in his arms and threw it with all his strength over the fence straight into the squad of Britishers.

In a second bees were everywhere. Pierre slapped at them wildly as he ran for a door at the side of the barn. The angry bees swarmed out of the broken hive. They were all over the barnyard,

thousands of them. In less than a minute the British soldiers and the townspeople alike had run in every direction, anywhere to get away from the swarm of stinging, fighting bees. The rope dangled loose. The soldier who had held it was running with the rest. Only the captain kept his head and his anger long enough to fire one shot toward the running figure on the other side of the fence. A sharp pain, sharper even than the sting of the bees, flashed through Pierre's arm as he ran for the barn.

Lying in the hayloft, sobbing with pain and excitement, he wondered what Farmer Cook would say to him. He would not like having his hive broken, but perhaps he would like it better than to feel the rope tightening around his neck. Pierre's face was swelling from the bee-stings. Out of his half-closed eyes he saw his sleeve turning red and, clenching his teeth, he held his hand tight above the wound. He closed his eyes against the dizziness that swept over him. . . .

And then the sound of voices aroused him, warm friendly voices in the yard below him. It was the most wonderful music he had ever heard in all his life—Farmer Cook, Albert, Thad, calling—not "Frenchy"—but "Pierre! Pierre!" At first he thought it was a dream, but it was true.



MAY

7th Under the supervision of **Fathers Fabian and Richard** the students of biology erected a science exhibit in the college gym. At the very entrance was the text from Holy Scripture: "Bless the Lord, all you works of the Lord; praise and exaltation be to Him forever!" And, indeed, the exhibition was to the glory of God, for the displays manifested the wonderful workings wrought by Him in even the least of His creatures. The exhibition included the entire field of biology, but specialized in four types of insects: bees, ants, termites, and wasps. Each of these were treated in a special section. **Father Herman**, the Rector of the Minor Seminary, had to warn the young biologists to be very careful in the termite exhibit lest the gym become a living example of destruction made possible by the little termite! The president of an Indianapolis termite exterminating company visited the exhibit and was willing to buy the whole termite display. "Best I have ever seen," was his comment. There were live bees going about their work of "canning" honey in the hives. Large replicas of the bee and wasp

with wingspreads of 18 feet hung from the ceiling. Now and then visitors feared that the wasp would take off because of its flapping wings—one of the students had rigged up an apparatus with motor inside the wasp's body. By each both stood the biologists ready to give detailed information on any point in their exhibit and to answer the onlooker's questions. In all, the exhibit was a real success, so much so, that showing time was extended from one Sunday to two.

11th-14th Our readers will be interested in the following account of **Father Meinrad** and **Father Roger** in which they describe their visit to **Fatima**.

After Lourdes our next big goal was **Fatima**—a little town about 90 miles northwest of Lisbon. It was here as you know that Our Blessed Mother appeared several times to three shepherd children in 1917. The subsequent years have seen a tremendous change in the little sheltered cova da Iria. No longer an isolated spot in the hinterland of Portugal, **Fatima** is really on the map as we soon realized when we were able to watch the roads become more congested

the nearer we approached the shrine at Fatima.

Buses by the hundreds, taxis and private cars choked the narrow roads that lead to Fatima on May 11 and 12, because one of the big days at Fatima is May 13—the anniversary of the first of the six apparitions of the Blessed Mother to Lucy, Francisco and Jacinta. But the colorful part of this grand procession of pilgrims from near and far are those humble Portuguese peasant folk who have been on the road two, four, six days—some even two weeks—walking. Most of them barefooted, they carry their belongings in colorful wicker baskets balanced on their heads. The more fortunate of them come by donkey cart or ox cart. All of them prayerfully beseeching Our Lady's help in song or by reciting the rosary. Even our caravan of six chartered busses does not distract them long enough to miss a bead.

It was from among this kind of people that Our Lady chose the three favored children. And it is this kind of people that impress the visitors to Fatima. The faith and devotion they show, the conditions in which they live at Fatima when they are there, the all night vigil at the basilica, the throngs that receive the Sacraments, the homage in song and prayer that rises from these hallowed grounds is an experience of the soul that one is incapable of putting into words. Fatima is not a place—it is an experience, especially if it be May 13.

Estimates of the crowd went

from 200,000 to 500,000. Crowds are hard to judge but the huge basilica, the church steps, the plaza immediately in front of the church was completely filled with people for the candlelight procession at night. It was so crowded that it was impossible for the procession to get anywhere—so we just stood with our candles. The largest part of the crowd stayed there all night despite the light rain that began to fall late that evening.

The Americans had their Holy Hour from 12 to 1 so it was our plan to attend the outdoor candlelight procession at 9:30, then to the Holy Hour inside the basilica and finally to offer Holy Mass. Thinking that by waiting till midnight the crowd might thin out; some of our people were disappointed by the impassing throng that stood in their way as they tried to get to the Main Altar where we were to have our Holy Hour. But the crowd never did thin out! Consequently it was almost impossible to make any progress forward in the mob, so they turned back and went to bed. Others got inside but were not able to get near the High Altar. And those near the High Altar were so outnumbered by the Portuguese that the English prayers, hymns and sermon were heard only by a few. But I do not doubt that Our Lady was well pleased with the competition shown in rendering her praise and honor.

The climax of the Fatima "retreat" came with the blessing of the sick and celebration of Mass

out of doors for the huge throng at noon of May 13. Despite the drizzle which continued and disregarding the sea of red mud, peculiar to Fatima, the open plaza was jammed as on the previous night. Bishop Helmsing celebrated the Mass and Father Stolle preached the sermon in English. The blessing of the sick with the Blessed Sacrament followed the Mass.

Immediately after the blessing, the buses, and the carts, and the pilgrims on foot again headed for the open road. As if by magic the place was almost deserted within a few hours. By supper time only a few hundred remained and they like ourselves were to leave the next day.

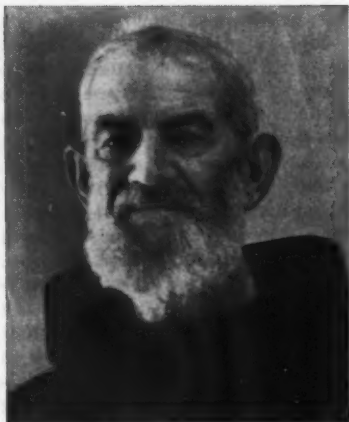
Our visit to Fatima, May 12-13, 1950 is unforgettable.

The intentions of the Proxy Pilgrims were at the altar for all Masses offered May 13-14.

13th The departure for California of cordial and jovial Doctor Charles Westerbeck, our physician for several years, brought with it the pang of losing a good friend and the anxiety of finding another doctor. During the past several years, Doctor not only showed his skill as a physician but also did much to further the cause of "living the liturgy" among the residents down in the village of St. Meinrad and of Fulda, Ind. In Pomona, California, Doctor Westerbeck will be on the staff of doctors for a private medical insurance company. After some inquiry, Fa-

ther Edmund, our infirmarian, located another doctor in Jasper, Ind. He is Doctor Rolland Greenburg, a graduate of the Loyola Medical School in Chicago and an ex-Navy Doctor of some eight years' service. As our new physician, he will come to the Abbey about twice a week. Besides Father Edmund, we have several other infirmarians to assist him in his work. One of these is Brother Nivard for the Monastery, and within the Seminary some eight students are appointed to help in that department. Each of the latter generally become known among the students as "Doc."

15th Before all the modern conveniences, many things had to be done by "push" and "wheelbarrow." So too, had all the meat to be brought up the steep hill to the Abbey from our butcher shop in the valley below. One of the Brothers who has had this task is our Brother Mark. "That was a long time ago, wasn't it?" And the tall, kindhearted old Brother answers, "Ya, now let me see..." And Brother Mark can see way, way back, for he has spent over 60 years in the Monastery. In token of appreciation for his untiring labor as a Benedictine Brother, we celebrated today this 60th anniversary with due solemnity. In the morning, Father Abbot assisted at the throne during the Solemn High Mass. Before the Offertory, Brother Mark walked slowly up to the foot of the altar steps and there



Brother Mark

renewed his vows in the solemn, low tone of an old man who had spent all his life in God's service. Toward the end of the ceremony, each of the professed monks passed **Brother Mark** and gave him the Kiss of Peace. At the noon meal, a large cake was brought in — on the old wheelbarrow that Brother once used. Brother said the wheelbarrow itself was over 60 years old. All during the day Brother received congratulatory wishes and his reassuring smile of thanks made one think of the Scriptural text: "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Most of **Brother Mark's** monastic days were spent here at the Abbey, except for three years at St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana and some months at Huntingburg, Ind. At the latter place Brother learned the

trade of butcher, at which trade he has been occupied for almost the same number of years as he has been a Brother.

18th A surprise was in store for **Father Anselm**, the Rector of the Major Seminary. A program was arranged for this day to celebrate his 40th Sacerdotal Anniversary. About 7:30 that evening all the community gathered in the college gym. The program included the three departments, beginning with the Major Seminary's production of a one-act play entitled "Moonset." This was followed by the Sixth Class Octet and a choral reading group of the Minor Seminary. **Fathers Christopher and Theophane** then represented the Monastery by playing two-piano music, such as "Rondo" by Weber, and Bach's "Allegro." A Deacon of the Major Seminary, **Rev. Mr. Roy Dentinger** presented **Father Anselm** with a new cope and chasuble in the name of the Seminary and the Deacons. **Father Abbot** spoke a few words of appreciation to **Father Anselm** on behalf of all present.

29th **Father Paschal**, Managing Editor of the **GRAIL**, returned to the Abbey after finishing his postgraduate course at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

28th-30th Ordination time at St. Meinrad. **Archbishop Schulte** arrived Sunday afternoon about 4:30. Generally the band is

out to meet him and the tower bells ring out their peal of welcome but a miscalculation about "fast time" and "slow time" (we are on slow time) caused the Archbishop to arrive too soon and the band to arrive too late. Eve of the 28th: in the Abbey Church—Profession of Faith and Oath against Modernism was made before the Archbishop by those receiving Orders the following days. Tonsure was then conferred on about 32 Major Seminarians that same evening. On the following day there were the ordinations to Minor Orders of Ostiariate, Lectorate, Exorcistate, Acolythate, and the one Major Order of Subdiaconate. After the evening meal, Father John held an open-air band concert in honor of the Ordinands. Tuesday—30th—the great day arrived, long awaited by those being ordained to the Sacred Priesthood. After twelve years of laborious preparation and intense training, some 19 young men stood at the Altar of God with hearts full of reverence and joy. Six of the Ordinands were destined for the Archdiocese and thirteen for our Abbey. Father George, a fourteenth for the Abbey, would be ordained on June 3rd in Louisville, Ky., with his brother, Rev. Joseph Lyon. In this Newsmonth's section you will find pictures of our 14 newly ordained. These young priest-monks come from far and near: Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas, Ohio, and Hawaii. Their names follow: Rev. Xavier Maudlin

(a brother of our Father Stanislaus), of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. Blaise Hettlich, of Granger, Iowa; Rev. George Lyon, of Loretto, Ky.; Rev. Odo Gogel, of Mariah Hill, Ind.; Rev. Hilary Ottensmeyer, of Vincennes, Ind.; Rev. Virgil Timmermeyer, of Conway Springs, Kansas; Rev. Odilo Burkhardt, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. Prosper Lindauer, of St. Henry, Ind.; Rev. Fidelis Jent, of Evansville, Ind.; Rev. Camillus Ellspermann (a brother to our Father Gerard), of Evansville, Ind.; Rev. Mark Toon (who has a brother here at the Abbey—Brother Edward), of Evansville, Indiana; Rev. Geoffrey Gaughan, of Lima, Ohio; and Rev. Alaric Scotcher, of Honolulu, Hawaii.

31st The Blue Cloud Abbey appointments — all except nine — were made known today. As most of our readers know, a new monastic foundation had been voted for by the Chapter members of our Abbey. The new Abbey would be founded in South Dakota and would be named after a very holy and devout Catholic Indian, Chief Blue Cloud, and it would be under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Our Lady of the Snows. Land was purchased some time ago, and in the last month or two, our Father Gualbert, Superior of St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty, South Dakota, has been preparing the site in readiness for the initial group's arrival. The Prior was announced as the Very Rev.

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., Dean of Philosophy in our Seminary here. The other members appointed are: Father Ildephonse Kreidler, Father Gregory Kunkel, Father Daniel Madlon, Father Hildebrand Elliott, Father Boniface Armbruster, Father Timothy Sexton, Father Gualbert Brunsman, Father Benno Fellingner, Father Cuthbert Hughes, Father Roger Dieckhaus, Father Augustine Edele, Father Alan Berndt, Father Stanislaus Maudlin, Father Cletus Miller, Father Julius Armbruster, Father Brendan Keane, Father Austin Caldwell, Father George Lyon, Father Odo Gogel, and Father Odilo Burkhardt. The latter three are among the newly ordained mentioned elsewhere in this Newsmoon. The majority of the Fathers mentioned above are already stationed somewhere in the Mission fields of Nebraska, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Five Brothers have also been appointed, two of whom are now residing at St. Michael's Mission in North Dakota: Brother Vital Hammerer and Brother Felix Haug. The other three are: Brother Stephen Shidler, Brother

Bernard Lane, and Brother Kevin Slavin. Father Prior Gilbert and about six others of the founding members will take their leave for South Dakota about June 23rd. This column will carry news of the progress of Blue Cloud Abbey as it grows from a small acorn to a towering oak of monastic life with its "Ora et Labora" ("Pray and Work")—dedicated entirely to the praise and glory of Almighty God.

Another appointment was also revealed today: the assigning of Father Theophane Gonnely, O.S.B., to replace Father Julius at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, Ind. Father Theophane has been very active in the musical field here at the Abbey during the past two years. He has been an organist, director of the Chancel Choir, and conductor of the Abbey Symphony Orchestra.

31st SPIRIT, the 1950 Seminary Yearbook, is now off the press and can be ordered from The Grail Office. There are 146 pages of pictures of seminary life and events of the past school year. The price is \$2.00 a copy.

—Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B.

"We have seen money take the place of conscience...
to live for money is to live for hell."

—Cardinal Saliege

New Benedictine Priests



Odo Gogel



Marclan Strange



Geoffrey Gaughan



Prosper Lindauer



Alaric Scotcher



Camillus Ellspermann



Virgil Timmermeyer



Fidelis Jent



Mark Toon



George Lyon



Hilary Ottensmeyer



Odilo Burkhardt



Blaise Hettich



Xavier Maudlin

The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad



Enclosed is a stipend for a Mass for the beatification of Brother Meinrad. I promised to send it in thanksgiving for a favor received. Brother Meinrad never fails me. Have asked so many favors of him and they have always been granted.

Mrs. J.W.C., New York.

Brother Meinrad has proved himself the helper of the "depressed and needy." An aged relative of mine had been permanently injured and there was a law suit pending. He dreaded going to court and became very much worried about it. I prayed to Brother Meinrad to arrange a settlement out of court. Quite unexpectedly a check was brought to the house and settlement made without his going to court. M.L., Ind.

MONTHLY NOVENA-15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for through the intercession of the Servant of God, Brother Meinrad, O.S.B., please send them in to **THE GRAIL** Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses is offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all intentions sent in.

I am enclosing a stipend for two Holy Masses to be said in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. Since the early part of this year I have been suffering from distressing dizzy spells at the most unexpected times. These spells would occur without warning and would last from a few moments to several days. I sought medical assistance but was not relieved. Finally one morning in desperation I called upon Brother Meinrad for help and I promised to publish the fact if he assisted me. In but a few moments it disappeared entirely and for more than three weeks now I have had almost perfect relief. I am most grateful for this favor and will do all I can to promote devotion to his cause.

M.L.K. Illinois.

The enclosed offering is in thanksgiving for favors received through the help of Brother Meinrad. I prayed to him for my sons—one to overcome nervousness and the other to get a job. Both petitions have been granted and I am most grateful to Brother Meinrad.

Mrs. J.B., Kentucky.



A new slant on

Stamp Collecting

by Anne Tansey

STAMP collecting is an engrossing hobby and it can also be a phase of Catholic Action. George Bourgraf of Cincinnati has made it so. For years he has been carrying on a crusade of religion on stamps. He finds it is very easy to interest non-Catholics in religion through the medium of stamps.

"When friends look at my stamps," he says with satisfaction, "they are forced to read about our religion."

Mr. Bourgraf has concentrated on religious stamps. He has more than 4000 of them. Around each mounted stamp he has neatly typed the historical or doctrinal background of that stamp. Each page in his books is devoted to one stamp and its history. This practice makes his stamp collection a veritable gold mine of Catholic doctrinal and historical information.

One can scarcely bring out volumes of religious pictures and religious publications to entertain non-Catholic guests, but one can always bring out his or her stamp collection.

While examining the stamps and reading the historical background the guest imbibes a great deal of religious information which he might never acquire otherwise and which may lead to further thought and study if the imagination of the visitor is excited in any way by any of the stamps.

George Bourgraf thinks that stamp collecting is a great hobby and he encourages young people to adopt it. He is director of a junior stamp club in his community. Religion has never entered the lives of some of these children. Why not acquaint them with religion through stamps?

"Mother is a good general subject about which to build a stamp collection," he explains, "So I started out having the boys and girls collecting stamps on 'Mother.' This inevitably led to the inclusion of Madonna stamps in their collections."

This in turn led to a knowledge of the Blessed Virgin and the Child Jesus and of the many shrines



St. Ladislaus



Some of Mr. Bourgraf's religious

throughout the world dedicated to Mary which have been commemorated on stamps by various government and religious authorities. Before long non-Catholic children were proudly displaying their Madonna stamps and explaining their origin to parents and friends. Stamps had entered homes with a religious message where no Catholic picture or magazine could have entered.

George Bourgraf sees a fertile field for possible conversions or at least of acquainting non-Catholics with Catholic doctrines through stamps. He cannot understand why more Catholics do not engage in this unique form of Catholic Action.

"Tell people who are interested to write to me," he says, "And I will not only tell him how to go about collecting stamps, I will even start them off with a small collection."

This is a very generous offer as stamps do cost money. Many stamps can be picked up very reasonably while others range quite high. Mr. Bourgraf has stamps in his collection that cost him \$35.00 apiece. There is a silver lining to even the expensive ones however as the money is generally used for a good purpose.

In some cases the surtax goes to the Red Cross of various countries, or to other charitable causes, as well as to the rebuilding of churches and shrines destroyed by the war.

A commemorative stamp to rebuild the Cologne Cathedral was issued several years ago. Mr. Bourgraf has one in his collection. Cost of the restoration of the war-blasted Cologne Cathedral is estimated at Ten Million Dollars.

In 1948 the Belgian government issued a set of charity stamps depicting the Madonna of Chevremont, with the chapel and basilica in the background. This stamp would ordinarily sell for 3 francs and 15 centimes, however there is a surtax of two francs and 185 centimes, the surtax to go towards rebuilding the Abbey which was destroyed by war.

WHILE many of the stamps in Mr. Bourgraf's collection were issued in commemoration of places and events he has many others that were in general usage throughout the world. Nearly all other countries use a good many religious subjects, however the United States does not. Our government

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religious stamps

seems to avoid issuing stamps with religious significance. This makes it hard for Mr. Bourgraf to add U.S. stamps with religious subjects to his volume of American stamps.

In the latter set he has stamps honoring the late Governor Alfred E. Smith, General Phil Sheridan, John Barret, the Founders of Maryland, General John Sullivan, all Catholics and one of General Washington at Valley Forge kneeling in prayer. Another U.S. stamp with religious significance was issued in 1944 in observance of the centenary of the telegraph and bears an inscription of the first telegraphic message, "What God has wrought." The Liberty Bell stamp also has religious significance inasmuch as its inscription, "Proclaim liberty through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," was taken from the Bible.

It has taken George Bourgraf 16 years to build his stamp collection of 30 volumes. Three volumes are devoted entirely to Christian churches and contains stamps of about 400 of them including St. Mary's in Cracow, Poland, the Church of Jesus at Goa, Portuguese

India; Coronation Church at Alba, Romania; Tell's Chapel in Switzerland; St. Sophia's in Constantinople, Turkey; Church of the Vow in South Africa; Notre Dame in Paris; and others.

Two stamps in this church collection are of dramatic interest. One was issued in 1946 by the Austrian government to finance the rebuilding of Vienna's famous St. Stephen's cathedral. The stamp shows the cathedral in flames after a bombing raid.

The other was issued in 1941 by the Kremlin. It is a picture of that structure in red which sold for one ruble. It was issued in honor of the 35th anniversary of the Red revolution. In the background was a picture of St. Basil's cathedral which the Soviets are using as a museum, but the stamp added another stamp to George Bourgraf's collection of churches.

In addition to his historical and church volumes George Bourgraf has a volume of stamps devoted solely to Christ and the Madonna. Many of these were taken from the original paintings of Rubens and Van Dyke, as well as from the works of

other famous artists, and some were taken from stained glass windows in ancient cathedrals.

One volume is devoted entirely to Vatican City stamps, showing all the churches and basilicas of Rome. There are other volumes devoted to The Mass, the Eucharist, Holy Orders, Angels, the Popes, church symbols, the mitre, crosier, tabernacles, pulpits, organs, the Bible, the Three Kings, the Annunciation, Nativity and the Resurrection. One volume contains stamps depicting members of the Hierarchy and there are several volumes on the saints.

The latter volumes which are entitled the Litany of the Saints are used in an interesting way. Occasionally on Sunday afternoons Mr. Bourgraf visits various convents and gives lectures on the saints in the form of a Litany with the nuns making the responses. These volumes contain many stamps of saints, including St. Patrick who converted Ireland, to Sts. Cyril and Methodius who converted Bohemia and the lands behind the iron curtain of the Soviets.

The Madonna volume is of particular interest. It contains a series of Our Lady of Fatima stamps issued by the Portuguese government in 1948; one of Our Lady of Perpetual Help issued in 1942 by Haiti in honor of the Patroness of their island; one of the Miraculous Medal and another of the famous shrine of Czestochowa. The American Revolutionary War hero, Count Casimir Pulaski, once defended the shrine of

Czestochowa with only 1000 soldiers against the attacks of the regiments of Catherine of Russia who fought to carry off the treasure of jewelry which pilgrims donated to Our Lady's shrine. The Communists are now seeking to discredit the shrine in the minds of the people. According to tradition the picture of Our Lady was painted by St. Luke on the cypress top of the table used by the Holy Family in Nazareth.

While George Bourgraf has worked in the burial supply industry for 32 years, 16 of those years were also devoted to collecting religious stamps and doing research work for historical and doctrinal data concerning them, and spreading religious truths through the medium of stamps. He has carried on his philatelic apostolate through stamp collector journals and has held the office of Vice President of the Collectors of religion on Stamps Society.

He has written many articles for stamp collectors' journals and on occasion has corrected errors which appeared in them concerning doctrinal matters. When Ecuador issued a stamp commemorating the 300th anniversary of the death of Blessed Mariana, "The Lily of Ecuador" the journal stated that proceeds from the stamp would be used in Rome to have Mariana canonized. Mr. Bourgraf pointed out in the next issue that canonization cannot be bought and that the money obtained from the sale of the stamp would be used only to finance the necessary research into the life of

Mariana.

Being a member of the Knights of Columbus George Bourgraf is quite interested in collecting all stamps with a Columbian flavor. Recently he wrote an article on stamps which will be published in the "Columbia," the official organ of the Knights of Columbus.

While Mr. Bourgraf has lived in Cincinnati since 1929, his original home was in Cleveland. He was baptized there in St. Francis of Assisi Church 51 years ago. Both he and his wife Clara attended the parochial school together, made their First Holy Communion on the same day and married each other in the parish church.

The Bourgrafs had four boys, the two youngest being twins who died at birth. The oldest boy, George Jr., is married, while Elroy is a student at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Bourgraf's father came from Luxemburg at the age of 13 and worked in the mines here. His mother came of old Pennsylvania Dutch stock. He is especially interested in stamps

from Luxemburg, but he is fair to other countries too and has one of the finest collections of religious stamps in this country.

It is estimated that a collector would need 200,000 stamps for a complete collection, a variety almost beyond human possibility. Therefore most philatelists specialize. Some chose the stamps of only one country, of one era, or cling to a central theme of history, religion or industry. George Bourgraf chose religion as his central theme and worked his collection about it in a most fascinating manner. It took him two years to get his "Madonna of the Sea" out of Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War.

He has worked constantly to interest people in stamp collecting in the religious field. "I have gotten non-Catholic philatelists to a point where they ask for more information about the saints, madonnas and other religious subjects," he says with pride, adding wistfully, "But there ought to be more Catholics in this work."

SAVED BY A SEMICOLON

According to the story, the dowager Czarina of Russia back in the good old days, saw on her husband's desk a paper dealing with a political prisoner. On the paper Alexander III had written, "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took a pen and switched the semicolon so that the statement read: "Pardon; impossible to send to Siberia." The Czar let the change stand. Thus did a semicolon save a man from Siberia.

After Pentecost

by way of introduction

"CHRIST is the Book of God—perfectly revealing God, but hard to be deciphered by human souls. The Holy Ghost is the *great Teacher* Who by His secret and inward illuminations takes up this Book and expounds it to us. It is only by Him that we can grasp the meaning and the significance of Christ and His life."

This thought from Fr. Edward Leen's *In the Likeness of Christ* could aptly be set up as a directive norm to guide us through the remainder of our church year: the long span of Sundays between the Feast of Pentecost and the first Sunday of Advent. We have before us now a newly written book, the book of the God-Man, just now completed, just now lived out to its gloriously happy ending. This is the Christian text book, meant to be studied and lived. And this school of heavenly instruction is tutored by the Holy Spirit. "But the Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring to your mind whatever I have said to you" (Jn. 14, 26).

Thus the point stressed during this

period is going to be growth in sanctity, growth in the Christ-life. Growth is an imperceptible thing, even on the natural level. Watching the petunias in the window box is time ill spent. Junior may have grown an inch in nine months, but those around the house are unaware of the process.

When you step over into the field of spiritual growth, you have even less to go by. "Bigness of soul," as the expression has it, is not subject to the tape measure (witness the gaunt ascetics among the Church's saints). Others do not notice our growth; we do not either. The reason lies in this: that to mature spiritually is to grow up in a life above our nature. We can by our good works merit this spiritual increase, but we cannot generate it by our native powers, as we do flesh, bones, or bright ideas. We cannot notice this progress within ourselves because the farther we go toward God, the more we are dazzled by the brilliance which surrounds His Majesty. As far as human eyes go, the mind's eye that is, the greatest darkness is next to the throne of

God. Only the highest mystical gifts can strengthen the soul, enabling it to gaze about freely on this level.

Life increases by the exercise of itself, natural life and spiritual life. During this post-Pentecostal season, we are too busy ourselves to increase our inner life under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

THERE are various ways to divide up the time after Pentecost. Each one plots out a possible line of action enabling us to co-operate with the Holy Spirit in bringing about the abundance of life which Christ came to give. Abbot Ildefons Herwegen, in *Alle Quellen Neuer Kraft*, uses the Scripture readings of Matins and their responsories for the basis of his division. From month to month, the breviary brings into focus for us different men, different ideals from the Old Testament. The lessons start with the founding of the kingdom of the Jews, and these ancient types are prophetic of the unfolding of events in the new Kingdom of Christ. Briefly, the plan is this:

JUNE, JULY—Symbols of establishment and spread of Christ's reign

The earliest beginnings of the Church are delineated in the life of the docile Samuel. The warrior-king David and the statesman Solomon represent growth under God's guidance. Elias and Isaias, sent among God's people, censure their vagrant

tendencies, showing God's care of His Church.

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER—Internal upbuilding of the kingdom:

The first two of these months center on the Sapiential Books of the Old Testament. The time to fuss over externals having passed, we turn to the inner life of the people of God. So, during August, the Book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Book of Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus are read to strengthen the moral stamina of faith. Job and Tobias do the same indirectly, by story form. Judith and Esther witness the results of such a well-knit soul life. October, with its Books of Machabees, in terms of battlefields, charging elephants, and a valiant mother, sketches a vivid tableau of the sufferings the Church is called upon to undergo to keep hard-won ground.

NOVEMBER—the perfecting of the kingdom:

During the fall of the year, the last of the time-span of the Church comes to mind with thoughts of the perfection and completion of Christ's kingdom. Now the earthly city of God will be caught up and made one with the heavenly Jerusalem. This is taught through the prophets running from Ezekiel to Malachi.

Admittedly, this plan does not offer the most practical point of view. It will not keep people from going to hell. But there is a breath of

vision, a richness of thought about this plan. Certainly, it adds meaning to the recitation of the breviary, something over and above the necessity of covering the remainder of the Old Testament before Advent arrives. And for those who do not say the Divine Office, these are appropriate readings from Scripture for this time.

If you turn to the Sunday Masses themselves, you find it very difficult to draw up a scheme of progressive development. In Parsch's *Das Jahr des Heiles*, a helpful grouping is made, with lots of roominess about the arrangement. Dr. Parsch indicates three formative thoughts behind these Sunday Mass texts.

First to Seventh Sunday—

Sundays stressing the Savior caring for the bodily needs of His people. These Gospel accounts, like the parable of the good shepherd and the feeding of the four thousand, are types. The pedagogy is this: as Christ attended to the bodies of these people when He lived on earth, so will He, while He lives His glorious life in heaven, look after the welfare of the souls He has redeemed.

Seventh to Fourteenth Sunday

A period during which we contrast the Kingdom of God with the kingdom of the world. This is pressed home chiefly through Christ's pointed parables:

Good and Bad Tree—Seventh Sunday

Unjust Steward—Eighth Sunday
Pharisee and Publican—Tenth Sunday

Fifteenth to Twenty-fourth Sunday—

These Masses center on the thought of Christ's second coming in the flesh, His glorious coming to judge the world, the "Parousia." This is eminently the mentality of the early Church.

An excellent guide to help you go more deeply into this Sunday-by-Sunday method is Msgr. Hellriegel's *Vine and Branches*.^{*} But you will need to keep your missal open before you as you read.

In the Grail

One last division, the one we will carry out in these Grail articles, is probably the simplest and most widely known. You follow it merely by turning the pages of any Catholic calendar. There has sprung up during this season after Pentecost what one might almost call a cycle of feasts. Certain errors needed suppressing; hence, certain truths needed stressing. Or, in the development of the seeds of revelation, some doctrine came to the fore, arising sometimes spontaneously from the devotion of Catholic peoples, as the Holy Spirit chose to direct them.

So, we have in
June—the Feasts of Corpus Christi
and the Sacred Heart.

^{*} PIO DECIMO PRESS, Box 53,
Baden Sta., St. Louis 15, Missouri.

July—the Feast of the Precious Blood.

August—the glorification of Christ (Transfiguration) and His Mother (The Assumption).

September—the Feast of the Angels, principally St. Michael.

October—the Feast of Christ the King.

November—the month of spiritual harvest: All Saints and All Souls.

What with all the divisions and introducing in this article, there is no room left for development of the

Feast of the Precious Blood. Let just this be said. The Feast of the Precious Blood is a look-back upon Good Friday. After rejoicing over Christ giving us His Body (Corpus Christi), and pondering on the immense love which prompted that gift (Feast of the Sacred Heart), this Precious Blood Feast serves to highlight the physical and spiritual anguish entailed in endowing us with this Gift of Life. The beautifully written Mass text of the feast in your missal enlarges upon this basic idea.

■ ■ ■ Three New Pamphlets

MY FATHER'S HOUSE by Robert Wood, S.M.

Heaven is our home, Jesus Christ our Brother, and our Mother is the Queen of All—this is the spirit of "My Father's House." 15¢ a copy.

THERE'S PROFIT IN SUFFERING by Mary Lewis Coakley

Suffering is one thing that almost everyone seeks to avoid. But it is impossible to avoid suffering all the time, and that is why this pamphlet is wonderful—it tells you how and why suffering is profitable. 15¢ a copy.

THE THREE HOURS OF GOOD FRIDAY

We had planned to have this booklet out for Holy Week, but the printer's devil saw to it that it was not. It is a program of prayers and devotions for the use of Sisters in their own chapels for Good Friday. It can be used at other times for Recollection or Retreat by using different selections from it. The author is Sister M. John Berchmans, B.V.M. 15¢ a copy.

The third time it will be too late

Fadeout of Freedom

By Liam Brophy

Liberty, like love, can never be taken for granted, or it will be taken away.

THE Apostles whom Christ chose to keep vigil with Him in Gethsemane allowed themselves to be overcome by drowsiness more than once. But while they slept, those who had conspired against their Lord were intensely active, and when they awoke for the third time it was too late, for the traitor, the mob, and the agents of tyranny were at hand, and only the unfathomable irony of the Master's reproach could pierce the numbness of their sudden tragic grief: "Sleep ye now and take your rest." The same elements conspire against our liberty today—the traitor, the mob, and the tyrant. The masters of the Kremlin have quenched the light of freedom over one sixth of the world already, and

plunged it in impenetrable darkness. They are using mobs and traitors in their global conspiracy against the other five sixths. But even in the New World irradiated by the Torch of Liberty a dubious dusk seems to be setting in. The world has entered the Gethsemane-hour of the free spirit. Twice the West has failed to keep watch and been awakened by the din of wars. The third time it will be too late, for thereafter the free Democracies will indeed sleep in the shadow of death in which no lamp of liberty will be allowed to burn. Where there is no vigilance the people perish. Liberty, like Love, can never be taken for granted, or it will be taken away and kept.

THE world at present is in a semi-Dark Age. One part is plunged in darkness of slavery, the other is witnessing a gradual fadeout of freedom in various degrees of dusk, with here and there a brave persistent attempt to keep the flames

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alight by keeping Christian principles alive. It is our duty to help spread the light and roll back the dusk. Then, from firm bases of assured freedom, we may in time advance on the blacked-out areas of Europe and Asia.

It is strange to see how we can be tricked into the betrayal of freedom at the very time we are claiming to be most free. It was a Chinese philosopher who pointed out apropos of the Four Freedoms that two of them are *doubles* "masquerading as Freedom that the Devil Economics has put there." Freedom from fear is not freedom, but political security, and freedom from want is not freedom, but economic security. Thus, if we allow ourselves to set too high a value on mere animal security, we may find ourselves compelled to sell our spiritual heritage for a mess of Social Security pottage. More than one European nation has found the Socialists giving the Judas-kiss in the name of freedom while they fastened the strongest fetters on individual liberty. The preservation of freedom is a task of skillful poisoning, of maintaining a balance between the individual and society, and the Catholic Church is the only institution we know capable of preserving such vibrant equilibriums. The problem of freedom can never be understood till it is seen to be fundamentally a religious one.

Freedom is fundamentally a religious question because of its mani-

fold affirmations of the dignity of the human spirit. The ancient East, Greece and pagan Rome had no conception of the Christian ideal of freedom. For them the life of man was ruled by fate, by necessities, by cyclic repetitions and other principles of compulsion, and he was regarded as having no more control of his destiny than a puppet in a monstrous and meaningless drama. Moreover, the social edifice of the ancient world rested on slavery, which was a denial of human dignity and which implied that freedom was the exclusive gift of the fortunate.

Christ died that all men might be free, and the mystery of Golgotha is the mystery of liberty. Nicholas Berdyaev, the Russian thinker, who died in exile because he loved justice and freedom, wrote with deep insight when he said: "A divine Truth panoplied in power, triumphant over the world, conquering souls, would not be consonant with the freedom of man's spirit; the Son of God has to be crucified by the princes of this world in order that human freedom might be established and emphasized. The act of Faith is an act of liberty, the world's unconstrained recognition of unseen things." And in a book on the fate of modern man the same Christian philosopher announced that "God has laid upon man the duty of being free, of safeguarding freedom of spirit, no matter how difficult that may be." He himself endured hatred and horrors to safeguard his freedom of conscience, worship, and creativeness.

Living in an age of mass movements and Welfare States, we are almost startled at the emphasis which the Gospels put on the sanctity of the individual soul. The world into which Christ came had no such sense, and so Christ in His parables, and by His many loving personal preoccupations with individuals, made clear the value He set on the individual. What would it profit a man, He asked, if he were to gain the whole world and lose his soul? What shepherd worthy of his calling would not willingly leave his flock of ninety-nine in the desert and go seek that one which was lost until he should find it? Some of Christ's tenderest parables were concerned with a lost one—the lost son, the lost goat, the lost sheep. An age which talks of men as factory hands in time of peace and gun-fodder in time of war, has come to no understanding of the value Christ set on each and every man.

In spite of all possible mutations of tyranny the Church which Christ founded has continued through the centuries to proclaim the sanctity of the individual soul. From that sanctity she has derived man's duty towards God and his fellows, and assigns to each one an ineluctable responsibility. Now, it is precisely when, at the present time, we are eager to put off the yoke of responsibility that we are being harnessed imperceptibly with the heavier yoke of State interference. We have grown tolerant of restraints and restrictions, and will part with free-

dom for a pottage of Social Security, but we have grown intolerant of inner restraints—the only ones which might justify outer discipline. We seem willing to surrender our inner freedom for animal security. Let us eat, drink and be secure, for tomorrow it will be too late.

Man's claim to freedom rests on the intimacy of his relationship to God. Other foundations have been found for it and tedious lists of the Rights of Man are drawn up from time to time. But if Christ had not died for every one of the human race, singly and severally, the mere notion of individual freedom would never have been conceived to become the toy of trivial thinkers. There have been some who claimed that man's right to freedom rests on his intelligence while others based it on the essential goodness of human nature. But that was before man's intelligence invented super-bombs and his dear delightful decency prompted him to threaten the world with it.

Let it be not forgotten that our rights stem from the Redemption and that our freedoms flow from the dearly-bought freedom from Satan. The uplifted Christ *draws* all things to Himself, He *drives* none. "Divine Grace itself is a complete freedom that can be destroyed neither by evil nor the constraint of good; God's freedom and man's freedom are reconciled in the grace of freely-given love." From this intimate nexus of divine and human love flow the freedoms now imperilled: free-

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dom of worship, freedom of speech and assembly, freedom of political action and combination in industry, freedom to give effective support to the political party of our choice, the freedom of our stable constitution, and our independent judiciary, minority rights, and the countless other freedoms with which our democratic way of life is fretted in a living tapestry.

BECAUSE we are citizens of two worlds—the spiritual and material, and because the spiritual is supreme, the State cannot claim our whole and complete loyalty. That is not to say that we as Catholics must thereby be disloyal to the State. Did not the Scribes and Pharisees try to trap Christ on this point, and did He not, in answering their cunning query, set the scope of our freedom? We must render to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. But in our time Caesar has encroached on our loyalty to God, and either, with blasphemous brutality, claims our bodies, minds, and souls for his service, or, more suavely, diverts that loyalty earthwards for security reasons. We have a right to be free *from* society as *in* society. Only in a Christian order of society has this been effectively recognised, and liberty been reconciled with order. Well has the Church been called a Complexity of Opposites,

for she has the power of reconciling opposites—not however contradictions in thinking and living. It is curious to note that when man, left to his own devices, wishes to exalt anything, he cannot do so without depressing its contrary. He cannot exalt society without sacrificing the individual, as in Socialism and Communism, or promote the individual without, as the Liberals did, placing a time-bomb under the social edifice. When man puts his hand to the order of things balanced by God he throws it off balance. It has been wisely observed that the only peoples who have been at once respectful and free, the only governments that have been at once moderate and strong, are those in which the hand of man is not seen.

For two thousand years Christian society, within ever shrinking territories, has been based on freedom and responsibility. It has reconciled the interests of Church and State by separating them, and vigorously maintaining the rights of the family against those of the State. It is no mere coincidence that the power of governments has increased with the decay of Christian belief. They that plot against our freedom come like thieves in the night. They even provide lullabies of Utopia Land that we may cease vigil and sleep. We must watch, therefore, and pray lest we enter into bondage.

A DUTCH BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was Raoul's birthday and he would be king for a day—but he didn't care about that—Raoul wanted a red scooter.

NOT one of the animals and dolls slept a wink that night. Raoul was having a birthday party the very next day. He would be eight years old. Following the old Dutch custom in Hemestede, Raoul would be king for a day.

Soon after daybreak the family was astir. That is, all except Raoul. He was not permitted even to take a peek outside his room until he was called. First Michiel, Raoul's father, and then Dolphi, his mother, came down the stairs to set the house in order. Jacob, Tineke, and Bien followed. Jacob had already heard the splatter of small pebbles against his window. He hurried to the front door and found Anna Plum waiting,

Raoul's little girl friend from next door. She had been invited weeks before by Raoul to share in the fun of his birthday party as was the custom.

"Good morning, Anna," Jacob said very politely, as he bowed to her. "Do come in. We are just ready to fix the house."

"Good morning, Jacob. Look what I have for Raoul." She held up a little package. "You'll never guess what it is. Something Raoul has been wanting for a long time. My uncle sent it to me from Amsterdam."

The children were soon busy at work in the dining room. Tineke had taken the stuffed animals and dolls from their box in the corner of the room and lined them up along the wall. There were fifteen of them—seven dolls, an elephant, two dogs, a cat, a stork, two horses and a goat. The elephant had been played with so much that he had lost one ear, but how proud he stood along with the rest.

The children had planned for days and even weeks with Michiel and Dolphi for the party. It had to be the best ever. Sweets were

Editor's Note: This is a true story. The author while traveling as a Quaker minister on the Continent in 1948 was a guest in Raoul's home in Hemestede.

none too plentiful since the war and the children had carefully saved all they could get.

"Here is my sack of candy," Tineke cried, as she brought it from its hiding place in the corner cupboard and emptied the contents on the sofa. What fun it was to distribute the candy. One piece went into the paw of every doll and animal for it was the custom in Holland that all the dolls and animals share in birthday parties.

"Oh, oh," Bien clapped her hands, as she looked towards her mother, "isn't it beautiful. Don't the animals look happy!"

Next was to fix the king's throne. Michiel had brought out the old chair from the kitchen with the high back. The children quickly gathered armfuls of vines and flowers and branches from the yard and covered the chair with them until it was truly fit for a king. Raoul could do almost anything he wanted to do on his birthday. He could order his favorite food, invite his friends for an afternoon party, and his best friend to stay all day. For days the children had wondered what Raoul had ordered from his mother for dinner, but Raoul and Dolphi kept the secret well. The meal would be real special, like Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner in America.

At last everything was ready. The children took their places with their presents around the big table and Raoul was called. As Raoul came down the stairs his heart was pounding with expectation. For weeks he had been dreaming of a two-wheeled push scooter bike. Anna had a nice one. And when they went to school together he always had to run along beside her. What fun it would be if both had a bike! But scooters were not to be found since the war. His father had gone to Amsterdam to look in the big stores for one. "Maybe next year," he had said to Raoul on his return.

"Come along, Raoul," his father said, placing an arm around the boy's shoulder as Raoul reached the foot of the stairs. "We are ready to receive the king." And immediately as Raoul entered the room the children began to sing the song Dolphi had taught them. It was an American song that went like this:

"Happy birthday to you,
happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Raoul,
happy birthday to you."

The animals gave up their presents one by one to Raoul. He bowed before each one and made a nice little "thank you" speech, telling each one how much he liked the gifts. It was so much fun

as the children gathered around him and he unwrapped the tissue paper and found the sweet sugar and chocolate.

The children brought their gifts next, the youngest first. Anna stepped out and held her gift up. Into Raoul's hand rolled a bright yellow top. Jacob had a big cake of soap. How nice it was to get a cake of soap for one's very own. Both candy and soap were treasured in Holland. Raoul could hardly wait until the day was over and he could give the soap to his mother. With each gift he received, Raoul shook hands and made his "thank you" speech.

At last it was time for father and mother to give their gift. He wanted next to the scooter a pocket knife or a sail boat, but Raoul did not see anything in the room that might be these things.

Raoul's father slipped out of the room and came back with a big red scooter. There were tears in his mother's eyes and he ran to her and hugged her tight. Raoul could hardly believe his eyes as he minutely inspected the second-hand scooter that his father had found on a little side street in Hemestede. Now Raoul and Anna could ride to school together.

The children could hardly wait until the lid was taken off the big

black roaster that had been set in the middle of the table. Dolphi had only called the children once for dinner. The thick steam curled up as Dolphi lifted the lid. It was macaroni cooked in tomato sauce. Plain brown bread, boiled potatoes, greens, and a meager portion of fish or cheese had been the diet for many years, and what a treat it was to have macaroni. For dessert there were three big dishes of yellow custard, two molded like a duck and one like a fish. The red jelly for the duck's eye went to Raoul.

When the meal was over, Raoul whispered something into the ear of the person sitting beside him. The word went all the way around the table and of course came back something different which Raoul said aloud to the laughter of the children.

Michiel then took from a shelf back of the table enough small Bibles and black hymn books to go around and passed them about the table. He read a passage and the children sang an old hymn. A short silence followed and the meal ended. How truly thankful Raoul was for his red scooter bike, but perhaps most of all he was thankful for his friends who had helped him to have such a happy birthday as he had reigned as king for a day.

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The Cardinal

The Wager

Innocents at Home

We Live With Our Eyes Open

THE CARDINAL. By Henry Morton Robinson. Simon and Schuster, Inc., Rockefeller Center, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. 579 pp. \$3.50 (cloth), \$1.00 ("Readers' Edition": unabridged, but cover is soft and paper thinner).

"America's Number One best-selling novel"—that is Simon and Schuster's latest boast for *The Cardinal*. It corresponds with the notice of practically every best-sellers list over the country. And the Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., summarizing the trends in fiction at the half-year mark, notes that this novel has turned out to be the "most impressive book, because of build-up of publicity and reception accorded." (*America*, May 13).

Reviews and criticisms of the book have been favorable generally, but not all of them. Some very adverse comments have been offered, and cer-

tain critics, mostly clerics, have severely castigated both the writer and his work for a misrepresentation of the Roman Catholic Church and clergy, or, at least, for a superficial and erroneous story of the Church, which even an "impartial pagan" could have produced.

The novel holds the story of Stephen Fermoye, son of working-class parents from Boston suburbs, in his role as priest, bishop and cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Robinson, a Roman Catholic, writes in the book's foreword that Stephen's character is not wholly a product of imagination, but "that he is a composite of all the priests I have ever known—and particularly those priests who left mysterious imprints of their sacred office on my youth." Even this declaration does not satisfy the critics. One still suggests that the author was not at all serious about his subject. And

another insists that the characters are a "caricature" and a "complete distortion" of the real persons who seem to be involved in the story.

Peculiarly enough, non-Catholic reviewers have not largely shared this adverse opinion, nor have they been misled by the false impressions of Church and clergy which such opinion has feared the book to have created. The editor of the New York "Daily News" (April 3, 1950) wrote that *The Cardinal* "furnishes a dramatic and convincing demonstration of how thoroughly fine and admirable men can become when they give themselves to any creed that exalts charity, kindliness, individual dignity and plain human decency." Ben Ray Redman, in *Saturday Review of Literature* (March 25, 1950), said: "To have made such a character come alive convincingly and impressively... is an uncommon achievement and one that heavily outweighs minor faults. For one has read 'The Cardinal' with much pleasure and a large measure of respect, and one knows that this experience will soon be shared by readers in the tens of thousands."

That a number of weaknesses and errors can be found in the book must be admitted. The conscientious and experienced physician will rebel at the crude and criminal way in which Dr. Parks lets Mona, Stephen's wayward sister, die in childbirth. The spiritual director will have to laugh at the absurdly naive and inane counsel offered by Dom Arcibal to Stephen in his struggle

with the temptations of the flesh. And no priest can possibly accept the idea of a bishop obeying a request to step outside the sick-room while the sister helps the patient to die.

On a literary level, also, the competent critic will point to deficiencies: the constant flare for melodramatic episodes, the too-neatly if consistently contrived plot, the passages done in a starchy and embroidered style.

Yet, despite these demerits, that which makes the novel so attractive and entertaining is not impaired: its story, a tremendous and a human story. For the story is tremendous. It carries Stephen through a career of parish assistant, poor rural pastor, secretary to a cardinal, Vatican official, bishop, archbishop and cardinal—all within 579 pages. It embraces the joys and tragedies of Stephen's own family; the drudgery, the human weakness and the heroic service in the priest's life; the responsibility and the glory of a bishop and cardinal. It presents detailed and intimate glimpses into the life of the Catholic Church: in parish, in diocese, in the Papal Court. And it never fails to be human. Stephen, his family, his colleagues and acquaintances are made of flesh and blood. While to the priests is given proper respect according to their office, yet the story keeps the reader mindful that for His Apostles, Christ has chosen men.

Personally, this reviewer thinks

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Mr. Robinson's work is honest, if a bit clumsy at times. The average reader will enjoy and appreciate it, and will murmur a sincere "Amen" with Stephen, to that beautifully blended hymn and prayer which closes the story.

—Jude Woerdeman, O.S.B.



THE WAGER AND OTHER STORIES. By Daniel Corkery. The Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y. 192 pp. Illustrated. \$2.75.

There are few writers who consistently turn out short stories that deserve to rank as really fine writing. The number of countries that can claim such writers as native sons is smaller still. When you have mentioned Russia, France, the United States, and Ireland, you've pretty well exhausted the list. This volume of Daniel Corkery's leads us to venture the opinion that, of them all, Ireland occupies the leading place, what with having such already recognized masters as O'Faolain, O'Flaherty, McLaverty, and O'Connor. The writings of these men stand high above the general run of today's literary output.

Daniel Corkery's first love is the theater, although his first published book (in 1916) was a collection of short stories. 1917 saw the publica-

tion of his only novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*. He has published in addition, three other short-story collections, and several studies of Irish literature. From 1913 to 1921 he was an organizer of Irish Volunteers and a guerrilla fighter against the Black and Tans, and he has drawn extensively on his experiences for story material. In 1931 he became Professor of English at University College, in his native city of Cork. He retired from this position in 1947, at which time the National University of Ireland bestowed on him the degree of Doctor of Literature. In addition to writing, he is also successful as a water-color artist.

The Wager and Other Stories is the first collection of Corkery's stories to be published in America. The sixteen stories are not new; they represent what the publishers consider the best in his already published four volumes in this field.

It's a pity that there is today so much, not only completely cheap writing, but also writing that is merely trivial and ephemeral. One can only conclude, sadly, that books of truly lasting value, like the present volume, must be pretty well submerged in the whole mess, to be remembered and re-read a few years from now by only a small group of discerning readers. Perhaps it's just as well; perhaps the number of readers mentally and emotionally attuned to such writing is also small. And perhaps they can be trusted to

seek among the worthless till they find some treasure such as this.

You have to be tempered to poetry to appreciate writing like Corkery's. You have to have a loving feel for the cadence of language, a rhythm within yourself into which the rhythm of the written word flows naturally, so that they become one thing, like river joining river. You have to love the common people, and understand them; you have to be able to look at their pride, and see beneath it their nobility; to look at their vanity, and see their ideals; to look at their superstition, and see their religion.

If you can't do that, if the activity of the mind is not more important to you than the coincidental coming together of conflicting external events, then these stories are not for you. For they are not stories in the usually understood sense. "Incidents" would probably be a better word. You will find none of the clearly stated conflict and ultimate resolution that we have come to expect of short stories. Conflict there is; but it's an internal conflict. Brought on by external circumstances though it be, yet the author has no interest in the circumstances as such. The turmoil within the soul of his central character is what he wants to look at, and what he wants to portray to his readers. The circumstances which bring on these soul studies are often insignificant in themselves. In "An Unfinished Symphony," most of the story revolves around the mere seeing of

two old women and two young girls by a boy traveling to meet the girl he plans to marry. All that happens in "The Awakening" is that a young man suddenly realizes that he has become a man. Sometimes the setting is more dramatic, as in "The Wager," which deals with the foolish and heartless bet made by an Irish aristocrat, in which he pledges one of his jockeys to make a leap on horseback which might only too easily result in both horse and rider falling to their death in the sea. The boy agrees to make the leap, but refuses to do it on any horse other than his master's favorite. The leaping place is so situated that the outcome of the jump is invisible to those who are watching. Only the boy returns from it. We can do no better than quote a few paragraphs from the conclusion of the story to show what happened to the horse. Actually, no explanation is given by the author; the boy's reason for choosing his master's favorite, and what actually happened at the end of the jump are left for the reader to imagine. If these paragraphs don't hit you with the force of great writing, then this is not your book. If they do, there are still 191 more pages of such writing waiting for you.

"We weren't surprised when the Master, drawing near, showed some confusion and unsteadiness; he even half turned to see how close to him we were. We gathered about him in kindness. Soon we were all standing still, waiting, and then we ne-

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ticed that that pillar stone of pride was trembling from head to foot. Our Master too noticed it, and in his confusion he straightway blurted out what he should have kept to himself: 'Where's the animal?' The trembling lips, pale and drawn, did not speak. Our Master's confusion got still more hold of him. He was a man of no character, and in such a one the least trace of submission in another will raise heat and arrogance; he now spoke quite boldly: 'I'm saying where's the animal?' Without a moment's delay he was answered:

"'In the sea!'

"And saying these words, the descendant of the Brosnans withdrew his eyes contemptuously from his abashed Master and strode through us all, noble and simple, as if we were so much dirt off the road."

The publishers have very wisely chosen to illustrate the book with wood engravings rather than drawings. There is a quality of what we can only describe as a fusion of reality with other-worldliness about these stories that only wood engraving can capture. More wisely still, Elizabeth Rivers was selected to do the engravings. Not all of them are superior, but it is hard to imagine anything better than her expression of the terror of the leap in "The Wager," or of the quiet peacefulness of the cows moving across the hillside in "Rock-of-the-Mass," or of the frightful madness of "The Ploughing of the Leaca."

—Theophane Gonnely, O.S.B.



INNOCENTS AT HOME. By Bob Considine. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. 208 pp. Illustrated. \$2.50.

"You might better decide at the very outset to disconnect the phone (after having cancelled any previous engagement you may have had) before you start to read; once started, you will not stop until you have read every single word of *Innocents at Home*." Thus spoke E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., about these reprinted stories, which first appeared in the *Saturday Home Magazine* of the *New York Journal-American*.

Well now, perhaps the book isn't quite that wonderful. Although, taking the above words with the usual five or six grains of salt usually required when trying to digest a publisher's blurb, they do describe the book pretty exactly. When you begin reading, far from thinking about disconnecting whatever telephones you may have, your thought will probably be, "Seems to me I've read all this before." And soon the words "Cheaper by the Dozen" will start bouncing around inside your brain. But, gentle reader, don't just stop when that happens. No matter what it looks like at the outset, this is not merely another edition of the

aforesaid *Cheaper*. It deals with the same situation—the apparently not-too-normal doings of an apparently not-too-normal family. The style is pretty much the same, too, and the arrangement—the stringing together in some kind of orderly time sequence of what purport to be true family anecdotes (whether all of them did actually happen isn't particularly important; they're all funny, and you won't want any more than that). But here the emphasis is on the kids, and not on Father. And you'll feel, we think, that *Innocents* is much more *healthfully* refreshing in its zany happenings than was *Cheaper*, because when you come right down to it, you'll realize that the Considine family is not an apparently not-too-normal family at all, but an appallingly normal one. Appallingly, because, on reflection, you're going to have to admit that your own kids have done things just as goofy, if not more so, than Mike, Barry, and Dennis Considine do. *Cheaper* was somehow calculated to leave the reader with a rather uncomfortable feeling, the result of too much time spent in the presence of a troop of near geniuses. *Innocents*—well, let Mr. Considine speak. If, he says, the reader "expects a dissertation on three counterparts of the Quiz Kids, he's a bum guesser. Our kids aren't very bright. They're just normal, I think, but that may be overstating it." Overstatement or not, they're completely lovable, and that's something the Gilbreths never managed to become.

Having somehow got ourselves into what has all the earmarks of controversy, we may as well draw one final comparison, with *Innocents* again coming out on the upper side. You won't find here any of the objectionable passages, nor the objectionable tone of irreligion that marred *Cheaper*. And a word of commendation on Mr. Considine's treatment of his Catholic Faith. When the boys are baptized, and go to Mass, and so on, he says they were baptized, and they go to Mass, and lets it go at that. No word of explanation as to what Baptism and the Mass are. It gives you a clean feeling that Catholicism is a normal part of the Considine's life, for which no apology is needed.

The book has been profusely illustrated by Harry Devlin. His drawings are clever, without being extraordinary. This is probably as good a place as any to wonder why some publishers insist on repeating drawings in their books. This one is a good example. You can expect to see at least ten of the drawings again after you come across them for the first time, and several of them won't have made their final appearance even then.

Bob Considine is well known as a columnist and writer. He has written or collaborated on several other books. Best known: *Thirty Minutes Over Tokyo* and *The Babe Ruth Story*.

—Theophane Gonnely, O.S.B.

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WE LIVE WITH OUR EYES OPEN. By Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. Sheed & Ward, 830 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. \$2.00. 172 pp.

Here we have the companion volume to Dom Van Zeller's earlier *We Die Standing Up*. The bleary-eyed spirituality railed at in the first book is to be replaced by the wide-awake approach now sponsored.

At first, one gets the impression that here is the raw stuff of a book. But a fairer assessment would be to say that here you have a very compact, condensed work. Father tries to pack as much punch into each sentence as he can. He leaves aside any very detailed analysis of a topic, knowing it would bore today's digest-delighting mentality. The curt length of the chapters, often only two or three pages long, bears this out.

The topic settings are colorful, ranging from a street brawl in Alexandria, Egypt, to a girl humming "Jealousy" during a bus ride in England. There are snapshot articles on Truth, Leadership, Sex, Sensitiveness, and many other headings. A longish chapter in the middle of the book handles the biography of the Dominican, Bede Jarrett, serving as an example for the alert attitude the book advocates. Just from reading a bit of Father

Jarrett, of whom Dom van Zeller was a devoted friend and disciple, it seems the Dominican has had a great influence on the Benedictine's style.

There is a bunching of chapters on three different topics. Five treat of prayer. The point is that our interior prayer resembles the technique of the hermit-crab. We crawl into the house of another's making, using its unyielding dimensions as the form, the mold of our own relationship to God. We pray with another's words, another's heart, make another's resolutions, afraid to come out and live our own unshackled mind.

Three chapters on mysticism, while offering good material, suffer the usual disadvantage resultant from reducing the clear-cut divisions of ascetical theology into modern journalistic terms. The distinctions are fuzzy, blurred. For the great majority of us (we who still walk the indirect and humble cow paths of the purgative way), the treatment of this exalted topic is very incomplete.

Calling ascetics "the extensions of Christ dying" seems an unfamiliar thought to Catholic theology, at least the way it is presented on page 122. The ascetic dies, yes, but to self; such a dying cannot be predicated of Christ. But, at most, there is here a confused comparison.

Father van Zeller takes up only some of the most prominent deficiencies of modern spirituality, but he does it always very sanely, without bitterness. The most inveterate

could be coaxed into doing some spiritual reading, if you got this book into his hands.

—Hilary Ottensmeyer, O.S.B.



SOME BRIEF NOTICES

Some of the choicest writings of the Fathers of the Church are to be found in new, fresh translations, under Catholic auspices. The series of volumes is known as the *Ancient Christian Writers* series. The general editors are Dr. Johannes Quasten and Dr. Joseph C. Plumpe, both members of the Faculty of Theology at the Catholic University of America. The best translators everywhere in the English-speaking world are collaborating in this task of translating the works of the Fathers. Each volume has full, scholarly notes. The format of the series, the print, the type are splendid. Two

of the most recent volumes to appear are St. Augustine's "The Greatness of the Soul" and "The Teacher" (both in Vol. 9, \$3.00), and "The life of St. Anthony," by St. Athanasius (Vol. 10, \$2.50). The books may be ordered from the Newman Press, Box 150, Westminster, Maryland.

The Liturgical Press (St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota) has lately issued some new and attractive pamphlets. Among them are "Six Chant Masses" and "The Church's Prayer for the Dead." The first pamphlet contains the Common of six Masses frequently sung, and also the "Asperges," the "Vidi Aquam," and the third Credo. Modern musical notation is used, and an English translation is printed immediately below the Latin text. "The Church's Prayer for the Dead" is a simplified and shortened form of the Office of the Dead. The text is entirely in English, very nicely arranged for group recitation. The print is excellent, and the occasional short notes are good.

Just Published!

SAINT BENEDICT THE MAN

By Dom I. Ryelandt, O.S.B.

Translation by Patrick Shaughnessy, O.S.B., S.T.D.

This little volume has three approaches to St. Benedict's inner personality: from an analysis of his Rule written by himself; from the account of his life written by Pope Gregory the Great; and a comparison with the spiritual doctrine of St. Francis de Sales—a modern ascetic compared to an ancient one. 102 pages. \$1.25 a copy.



Freedom and a Lady

If eight-year-old Guiseppe had grown up on the battery within easy view of the Statue of Liberty, he might have taken her for granted. But Guiseppe Calabi had played in the streets of Rome far from the Lady with the torch until that sad day when Fascist police ordered the Galabi family to get out of Italy, because Papa Calabi, one of Rome's prosperous stock-brokers, was Jewish.

As the ship bore the exiles away from the shores of Italy towards the United States, Papa Calabi told his family about freedom in the new country and about the tall Lady with the torch, who stood in New York harbor to greet newcomers.

All the way across the Atlantic Guiseppe kept pestering his parents with the same question: "Will we see the lady tomorrow?"

"No, no, little son," Ugo would reply, "be patient. We will tell you when."

A few days later as the liner neared Ambrose Light, Guiseppe's papa told him to watch for the Lady with the Torch. After that there was no keeping the boy off the port rail. His cheeks glowed with excitement as he climbed to the very top, high above the promenade deck, determined to be the first to see Lady Liberty's uplifted arm.

Somehow the lad slipped. Stewards lifted his limp body from the deck where it sprawled like a rag doll.

Shortly after dawn several hours later, as the vessel moved slowly past the Statue of Liberty, Guiseppe died in the ship's hospital of a fractured skull. At the pier Papa Calabi said that Guiseppe's burial would be in a cemetery overlooking the Hudson. "I told him we would stay here always. He will never leave America now."

Rev. Alcuin Deutsch
St. John Abbey
Collegeville, Minn.

cl

Let us
do with speed
that which will
profit us

ETERNITY

ALL
FOR

Rule of St. Benedict

